

Children's Newspaper

Explorers Looking for a New World
See the C.N. Monthly—My Magazine

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 92 Week Ending
DECEMBER 18, 1920

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Ready Every Friday 2d.

TWINS WIN THE C.N. HUNDRED POUNDS

IRELAND FULL OF SORROW

BITTER TRAGEDY OF THE EMERALD ISLE

Beautiful Country Stricken with Terror

WHAT A GREAT AND BRAVE MAN COULD DO

Ireland, which not very long ago seemed so near to peace and friendliness, is full of sorrow. That beautiful country is in the grip of murder and disorder. We cannot believe that the terrible things we read about are real.

We were shocked by the crimes the Germans committed in the war, but we were taught to think of them as a race apart. How infinitely more shocking to know that our own fellow countrymen are staining our country's record with deeds as savage and insensate as any that happened in Belgium!

The Rule of Anarchy

The plain fact about Ireland now is that a gang of criminals, acting in the name of the Republican party and on the pretence that they are fighting for freedom from tyranny, is murdering policemen and soldiers and innocent civilians; while the forces of the Government, helpless to protect themselves in the usual way through courts of justice, are running loose and taking revenge. It is as if lynch law or anarchy had come to rule in Ireland.

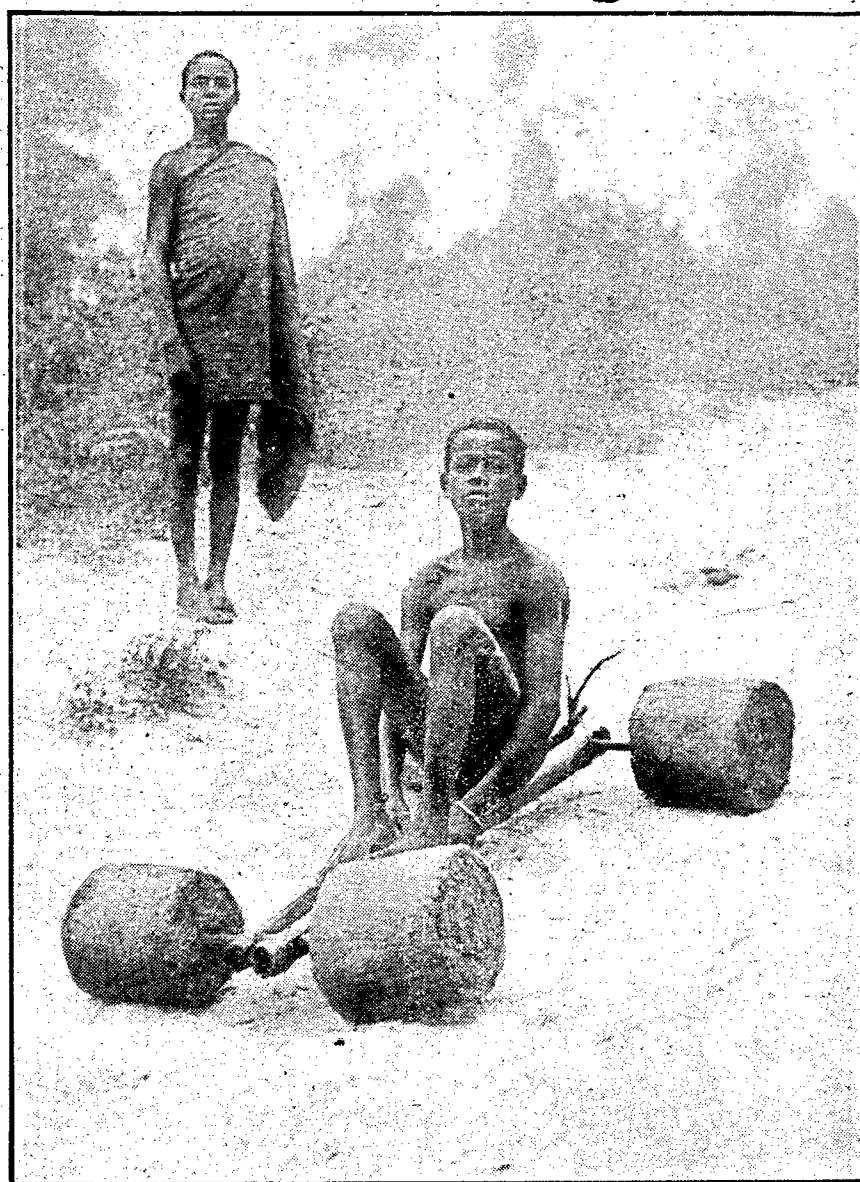
Men dragged from their beds and shot in their night-clothes, defenceless, in the sight of their wives! Crowds fired on with machine-guns, children killed and wounded! Houses set on fire, public buildings destroyed, creameries—established by a society which has no thought but for the Irish people's prosperity—wrecked! All this is done by criminals or police.

Enemies of Ireland

Blame lies with all sides in Ireland; it falls on the Irish and on the men who represent the British Government there. No one believes that the Irish people generally are sympathetic to the murderers and madmen who shoot down soldiers and police and set such immense obstacles in the way of a good understanding between the two nations. But the Irish people, as a whole, have no control over these pests, while the British Government, on the other hand, is under the control of the British nation, and the nation has not asserted itself to check the spirit of brute force that is allowed to have sway in Ireland.

The explanation is that the people of this country are dazed, unable to form a clear picture in their minds of what is going on. In their hearts they are anxious to do justice in Ireland. They know the Irish have been badly

Who Will Come Scooting With Me?



A little man of West Africa goes scooting through the wilds on the Ivory Coast

treated in the past, that they have been allowed to die of starvation while the food they needed was sent to England to pay rent to absent landlords. They know it would be better for everybody if the Irish difficulty could be settled.

But the determined effort to drive out the existing Government by force and murder stiffens the backs of the English, and Scottish people, who ask, "Why cannot the Irish do as well as we have done?" and of the Welsh people, who hate the brutal and callous crimes of savages who call themselves Sinn Feiners.

Sinn Fein is a Gaelic expression meaning that the Irish want to manage their own affairs. Once they would have been content with the Home Rule which Parnell fought for and Mr. Gladstone wanted to give them; but the golden hour was lost. Party politicians seized upon the Irish question and used it for their own advantage, and now Ireland is offered more than ever Mr. Gladstone's Bills contained, and the Irish refuse it with hatred in their hearts. They declare they must be entirely independent. If only some great Christ-like man

would arise and say to Irish and English and Scottish and Welsh:

Just think, dear countrymen of mine, we are here in this world for such a little time. A hundred years hence we shall all have disappeared.

Is there time for hatred in such little lives as ours? Is there time for keeping up old feuds, and seeking petty advantages at the expense of others? In our hearts we know we are all very much alike, and that it is only chance or circumstance which makes us hold different opinions. Let us choose some fearless and loving and honest men and women and let them talk together and arrange some settlement, and let us all agree, at any rate, to give it a trial.

If we had a statesman who could say that, and mean it, he would not only settle the Irish question: he would be the most powerful influence for good in the whole world.

As we go to press the situation is more hopeful.

SLEEPING AMONG HIS WORKS

Famous Man Who Once Was Poor

NOW HONOURED BY KINGS

Kings and princes have been honouring a man who was so poor and lowly-born that up to 18 years of age he could neither read nor write. He was Bertel Thorwaldsen, and Denmark has been lovingly celebrating the 150th anniversary of his birth. We in this country are interested because it was an Englishman who fixed his career.

Thorwaldsen was the son of a man who carved wooden figureheads for ships, and helped him at the work at the wharves in Copenhagen till he got a free scholarship at a local art school.

There he progressed in carving but not in letters. Yet, though a wretched scholar, he obtained a gold medal at 23; and with it a travelling scholarship which took him to Rome for three years. There he was so much impressed by the glories of ancient art that he destroyed nearly all his own productions as soon as they were completed.

His Masterpiece

The three years ran out, and he had no more money than would take him home to poverty and neglect. But he had by him a clay model of a splendid figure he had wrought—Jason. There seems always a sublime figure in every good sculptor's life—Michael Angelo's David, Donatello's St. George, Watts's Physical Energy, and so on. Thorwaldsen's was Jason, his one masterpiece at that time, and this he was also ready to sacrifice.

Happily it was seen by Henry Philip Hope, an English banker, who realised the genius in the work, and offered him such a sum to convert it into marble that the young sculptor felt himself a made man. This one work established his reputation, and the result was that commissions poured in upon him, and for over 30 years he produced work which placed him in the front rank of modern sculptors.

Gods of Terror

Denmark, which used to worship Vikings and gods of cruelty and terror, worshipped this son of genius. She honoured him more in his lifetime than she honoured her sovereigns, and when he died his works were collected, and he is buried in the midst of them, as he desired.

His tomb is in the courtyard of the Thorwaldsen Museum, at Copenhagen, and his sculptures are all around him—not, of course, the famous lion that he carved for Switzerland, for that remains at Lucerne, but all that could be collected from Denmark and other countries. The Jason has gone from England and is there, and it was in this gallery tomb where their hero lies that the Danes have been rendering homage at his grave.

JAPAN'S FIRST INTERNATIONAL

ALL THE WORLD'S SUNDAY-SCHOOLS

Army of Thirty Millions Under the Flag of Peace

STATUE SAVED FROM FIRE

By an English Delegate

Do you remember the Tale of Two Cities—London and Paris—at the time of the French Revolution?

Perhaps you have thought that they were then the most important cities in the world. Yet, at all events, they were not the largest. That place was taken by Tokio, with about a million and a quarter population; but no Charles Dickens told its story, for it was in the almost unknown country of Japan, into which no foreigner was admitted and from which no native might emigrate.

Japanese rulers in those days wanted their land to themselves, free from all outside influence. They issued proclamations, forbidding any Christian—or the Christian's God—to set foot in Japan!

Passing Through the Fire

A sudden change came about 60 years ago, however, and now this famous city, with its 2,000,000 people, has just entertained the first big International gathering ever held in Japan. This was the World's Sunday-school Convention, which was attended by 1000 foreign delegates from 30 countries.

The Japanese committee received generous support from the Mikado, from members of both Houses of Parliament, and from leaders of thought and action of all religions and of none.

A most dramatic event, and what might have been a tragic occurrence, was the burning of the Convention Hall three hours before the opening ceremony, a disaster due to faulty electric wiring. The fire broke out during the final rehearsal of the choir, but all the 500 singers happily escaped without injury. But the fine hall, costing £15,000, was in less than an hour a heap of charred ruins, the only relic being a large statue by a Japanese artist representing Christ standing beside a globe blessing the world's children. This statue still stands in front of the ruins.

New Ideas for Japan

The organisers of the convention were not daunted. The evening's programme was carried through in two buildings, and next day the Imperial Theatre was made available for the remaining days.

English and Japanese were the two languages used, and the principal speeches were interpreted by skilful Japanese linguists.

Among the most popular features were four pageants. Overflowing audiences demanded the repetition of some of these. The choir also gave the Japanese their first taste of choral music. A great demonstration of 15,000 scholars, with thousands of delegates and friends, took place in one of the parks entered through a beautiful Arch of Welcome erected by the city, and this was followed by what seemed an endless parade through many of the chief streets.

Peace of the World

The convention ended amid a scene of great enthusiasm, "Banzais," with uplifted hands and waving of flags, being given for those responsible.

The present membership of the Sunday-schools throughout the world reaches over 30,000,000, a vast array of teachers and scholars under the Flag whose victory means the Peace of the World for ever, and the health and happiness of all children. The next convention is fixed for 1924, and may be held in Glasgow, Athens, or Rio Janeiro.

WISE OLD GENTLEMEN OF KENSINGTON

LOOKING FOR THE C.N. ANIMALS

Remarkable Interest in Natural History Test

TWINS WIN £100

The C.N. Natural History Test has aroused remarkable interest, and thousands of people of all ages, in all parts of the kingdom, have been busy for the last few weeks trying to name the hundred animals of which we gave silhouette pictures.

How keen was the interest displayed in this test of natural knowledge will be gathered from a letter that reaches us from Harley Street, from a lady who reads the C.N. with her nephews and "enjoys it more than all the papers written for grown-ups."

Seeing that grown-ups were invited to join in the search for the names of the Hundred Animals, our lady friend entered in the hope that she might win a prize, so as to be able to buy a set of books of Natural History and a miniature steam-engine.

Round the Glass Cases

What follows we will let her state. Who will not smile at that little picture of the old gentlemen running to the cases at South Kensington with the C.N. in their pockets? But we will let our lady correspondent tell the story:

As some of the sea animals were outside my personal acquaintance we visited the South Kensington Museum with a view to getting a more intimate knowledge of them. But our desire was ungratified because the specimens seemed to be lumped in a case and labelled "Sea Anemones—Varieties of."

However, we looked round some of the other galleries, and were a little surprised to see a goodly number of people, armed with the C.N., darting furtively from case to case, trying to conceal the real object of their visit. Most of these seekers after knowledge were elderly, keen-faced, scientific-looking gentlemen, and my hopes of a prize dwindled considerably when I saw my learned rivals.

But I have tried my best, and have derived much entertainment, not only from trying to identify the many animals that look exactly like one another in silhouette, but in watching the old gentlemen in the museum carefully hiding their copies of the C.N. from the public eye, or looking malevolently at me—who did not hide my copy, but who dared to try my skill against their experience and much superior knowledge.

The Winners

We send our greetings to our friend in Harley Street, and hope that all those thousands of homes interested in these animals may have received as much pleasure and profit in their search.

It will interest our readers to know that not even one of those wise men at Kensington was able to name the Hundred Animals; not one in all the thousands who tried has managed to name them all; and the readers who have won the £100 made five mistakes.

It is pleasant to be able to report that the award has been well-earned, and our readers will be glad to know that the prize goes to twin sisters. They worked very hard for success, and, though they sent in independent lists, each, curiously enough, made exactly five mistakes, though the mistakes were different in the two instances. Their names are

NORAH GAHAN and KATHLEEN GAHAN,
8, Lonsdale Road,
Bedford Park,
London, W. 4.

and the £100 is awarded to them, £50 going to each sister. To have named

95 out of the 100 animals correctly is a very creditable achievement for anyone, and we congratulate these two sisters on their well-earned success.

The Hundred Names

This is the correct list of the animals.

1, Grizzly bear. 2, Arabian camel. 3, Sting ray. 4, Jerboa. 5, Bison. 6, Turbot. 7, African elephant. 8, Horse. 9, Spotted white plume moth. 10, Sowerby's whale. 11, Wolf. 12, Lion. 13, Hare. 14, Silver-striped hawk moth. 15, Cheetah. 16, Chimpanzee. 17, Lake mud snail. 18, Gapelet. 19, Iron prominent caterpillar. 20, Llama. 21, White hair-streak butterfly. 22, Grey dagger moth caterpillar. 23, Ostrich. 24, Testacella. 25, Inyala. 26, Indian rhinoceros. 27, Sable. 28, Jackal. 29, Raccoon. 30, Black arches moth. 31, Cobra. 32, Pelican. 33, Snake-necked anemone. 34, Hippopotamus. 35, Basking shark. 36, Kangaroo. 37, Lunar-yellow underwing. 38, Shrub snail. 39, Serotine. 40, Aardwolf. 41, Butter gunnel. 42, Rabbit. 43, Ferret. 44, Tiger. 45, Mitre shell. 46, Cassowary. 47, Tree slug. 48, Porcupine. 49, Redneck. 50, Giraffe. 51, Tapir. 52, Rhea. 53, Welsh clearing moth. 54, Brown bear. 55, Alpaca. 56, Close shell. 57, Bactrian camel. 58, Auger shell. 59, Indian buffalo. 60, Zebra. 61, Spotted Irish slug. 62, Sumatran rhinoceros. 63, Once. 64, Gorilla. 65, Wood snail. 66, Swallow-tailed moth. 67, Loris. 68, Sallow kitten caterpillar. 69, Emperor moth caterpillar. 70, Rattlesnake. 71, Indian elephant. 72, The crock. 73, Flounder. 74, Hedgehog. 75, Donkey. 76, Pangolin. 77, Puss moth caterpillar. 78, Hyena. 79, Wild boar. 80, Common tope. 81, August thorn moth. 82, Marmot. 83, Grey skate. 84, Painted pufflet. 85, Mongoose. 86, Weasel. 87, Jaguar. 88, Common dolphin. 89, Tadpole fish. 90, Mere wainscot moth. 91, Kangaroo rat. 92, Leopard. 93, Coyote. 94, Puma. 95, Marten. 96, Caracal. 97, Okapi. 98, Rice weevil. 99, Civet. 100, Serval.

The Hundred Winners

The following hundred readers, in order of merit, receive 10s each. Their papers showed from 12 to 25 animals wrongly named.

Miss May F. Walls, Nunhead; Harold Russell, Marylebone, W.; Russell Bedford, Sidcup; Philip S. Waterman, Leyton; Mrs. A. A. Ireland, Stamford Hill; Ruth Bisbee, Burscough, Ormskirk; Miss E. L. Gleave, Wallasey; Agnes C. Campbell, Edinburgh; A. E. Ellis, Bath; G. E. Lewis, Thornton Heath; B. Lewis, Thornton Heath; E. G. Lewis, Thornton Heath; Cyril Scarborough, Wimbledon; A. H. Ireland, Stamford Hill; F. F. Laidlaw, Cullompton; Jessie J. E. Ritchie, Edinburgh; Miss Ruth Bright, Southport; Beatrice Bell, St. Leonards; Lilah Labouchere, Chelsea, S.W.; Vera M. Parry, Bristol; W. G. Ireland, Stamford Hill; T. V. Campbell, Edinburgh; E. Warren, Canterbury; Sheila M. Ellis, Market Harborough; Miss L. Margaret Samuels, Handforth, Ches.; Phyllis Bell, St. Leonards-on-Sea; Josephine Vaughan-Lee, Onslow Gardens, London; Percival C. Grumble, Leicester; Norah Medcalf, Weymouth; M. M. Patterson, Edinburgh; W. F. Cuthbertson, Inveresk, Midlothian; D. C. Campbell, Londonderry; Miss M. Bulman, Wigston Fields, near Leicester; Rev. W. L. Chamings, Swansea; Wm. Briggs, Leeds; Miss E. M. Goodman, Birmingham; Cecil Cade, Cheshunt; W. H. Jackson, Purley; Elsie Cade, Cheshunt; Eileen Ardill, Leeds; Miss Mary Ashton, Histon; Miss M. F. Skeat, near Richmond; Rosalie J. Langley, Herne Hill; Alfred C. Gilbert, Wealdstone; Barbara M. Wilcox, Wandsworth Common; Miss C. McK. Brydone, South Hill Park, London; Miss E. S. Ewen, Nottingham; Alfred Wilman, Keighley; Miss Alice Wilman, Keighley; Harold E. F. Vivian, Chiswick; Maud Short, Southampton; Ralph Spencer, Accrington; Jas. E. Spencer, Accrington; H. A. Spencer, Accrington; Joyce Clifford, Bristol; Isabella R. Smith, Hull; Mrs. A. Whittingstall, Chalfont St. Giles; Rosalie Lulham, West Kensington; Joan Seth-Smith, London, N.W.3; R. W. Hayman, Fulham; Doris Hewitt, Upper Tooting; Elsie W. Dunbar, Blackburn; Philip Groves, Leicester; J. W. Castle, Sheffield; Walter Short, Southampton; Mrs. Whittick, Blackburn; R. G. Mayall, Cambridge; Ronald Whittick, Blackburn; Florence H. Bradley, Leeds; Edina Hooper, Herne Hill; Frances M. Haynes, Torquay; Mabel Parker, Letchworth; Miss Y. E. Ball, Tenterden; Vera Smythe, Hove; Austen Denison, Rochdale; J. D. Wilson, Liverpool; Wm. Worthington, Torquay; Ida Keeble, Ipswich; Heather Williams, Millom; Mrs. G. E. Williams, Harrogate; Mas. Martin Mowat, Bournemouth; Ronald C. Habicht, Epsom; Janet Esdaile, Kensington; Eric Graham, Crouch End; Eric G. Carter, Thornton Heath; Hilda Gray, Balham; Harold Christian, Shepherd's Bush; Jessica Page, Birmingham; Eileen Ford, Bexley, Kent; G. D. Weaver, Beckenham; Miss E. K. Wolstenholme, Leyton; W. H. Denison, Rochdale; George Campbell, Alloa; Geoffrey Parker, Letchworth; Winifred Hammond, Blackburn; Amy Anthony, Plymouth; Eleanor Tomblason, Westcliff; Inez Bliss, Eastbourne; Margaret Wright, Cheadle Hulme; A. S. Tulloch, Plymouth.

We congratulate all these readers, and hope the examination has been of great educational value, and that all the competitors have added greatly to their knowledge.

THE BITER BIT

But Which Was the Biter?

On the bank of a farm pit in Bickerstaffe, Lancashire, was played out the other day one of the many silent dramas of Nature that take place on moor and field, on river and marsh and fen.

A great eel and a heron were found locked together, both quite dead.

Hunters both, it is impossible to do more than guess how the fight began. Perhaps the heron saw the eel first, and attacked it; perhaps the eel attacked the heron. We do not know. What we do know is that the fight must have been a terrible one.

The eel's head was found crushed between the upper and lower beak of the heron, with its body wound round the heron's neck. Both head and body had been fiercely attacked. The heron had suffered too, for its body was crushed, and its lower beak smashed.

We are filled with an immense pity for these two poor children of Nature, who have added one more illustration of the eternal struggle for existence that goes on in the bird and animal world, and we think of Thomas Hardy's fine lines, written for last Armistice Day:

The Sinister Spirit sneered: "It had to be!"

And again the Spirit of Pity whispered "Why?"

UGLY THINGS AT BROADSTAIRS

How to Get Them Removed

A correspondent who is delighted that the ugly gramophone hoardings have come down at St. Mary Cray writes to say that these vulgar erections are still standing near Broadstairs.

All our correspondent has to do is to write to the local authority or the Kent County Council, and ask them if they will put in operation the Advertisements Regulation Act; but first of all a dozen or twenty signatures should be obtained from people who object to these things.

It is quite easy to obtain such signatures. Now that so much undesirable publicity has been given to this gramophone hoarding those who put it up are very reluctant to risk further publicity of this sort, and very little effort is required to save the countryside from these vulgar offences.



C.N. Natural History Prizewinners
Norah Gahan, above, and Kathleen Below

THE BURNING BLANKETS

Ship Lost in the Gale

The first December gale round the British Islands was extraordinarily fierce, and brought stories of dangers and heroism from every quarter.

Off Deal one of the distressed boats burned its mattresses and blankets, saturated with oil, as a call to the lifeboat to come to the rescue.

The lifeboat answered the call, and reached the place where the signals had been seen, but the ship could not be found.

ADrift Off ICELAND

Stirring Tale of the Sea

GLAD SIGHT OF A LANCA-SHIRE TRAWLER

There is something heroic in the story of the endurance and heroism of the men of the Mary Ann Johnson, a Hull fishing boat that sank in deep water off Iceland the other day, leaving its crew of sixteen to fight the freezing seas for three days in an open boat.

When the trawler went to the bottom a strong current made a landing on the coast of Iceland an impossibility, so these undaunted Englishmen, hoisting a flag of distress at the masthead, set out for the open sea.

Here we seem to catch an echo of old Henry Hudson on the last day when history heard of him 300 years ago. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, the American poet, has painted that immortal picture:

We hold by hope as long as life endures . . .
The world is round, and God is everywhere,
And while our shallop floats we still can steer.

So point her up, John King, nor west by north.

We'll keep the honour of a certain aim
Amid the perils of uncertain ways,
And sail ahead, and leave the rest to God.

For three days those sixteen men from Hull "held by hope while life endured," until their little store of precious food ran out; and the flame of life burnt low. Then, when hope was all but abandoned, came a miracle! A Lancashire trawler, the Donna Nook, hove in sight. They were saved.

But the exposure from which they had suffered in icy seas necessitated the greatest care being taken of them. Hot coffee and stimulants were served out by their rescuers, and the wayfarers were landed at the capital, Reykjavik, and taken to the hospital.

All are now home again except the apprentice, who, not yet inured to the perils of his calling, is still in Iceland.

THE WAZIRIS

Peace on the Indian Border

After eighteen months warfare the last of the fighting tribes of Waziristan have submitted, and accepted the terms of peace offered them by the British.

Waziristan is the rugged hill-country between India and Afghanistan south of the Khyber Pass.

The Waziris, who are divided into tribes, each living in its own network of remote valleys, revolted when the Afghans threatened war 18 months ago, and attacked the British posts that guard the frontiers.

The last to give in were the Wana Waziris, whose homes are closest to Afghanistan. The use of aeroplanes has enabled these war-loving, turbulent people to be reached without long marches of troops through dangerous country, and even their remotest strongholds have fallen.

LOST OFFICER

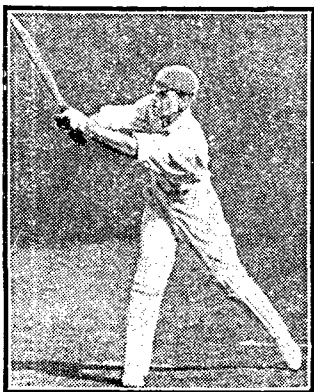
A Mystery Solved After a Hundred Years

From the neighbourhood of Nancy in Northern France comes the solution of a mystery that has lasted 100 years.

A British officer disappeared in 1814, when the Allied armies were advancing on Paris after Napoleon's last campaign before Waterloo. Now his skeleton has been found, lying full-length in a cave, and officially identified as that of a British officer.

Forty years ago the skeleton of a Russian officer was found in the same cave. No one knows the story behind these strangely-delayed discoveries.

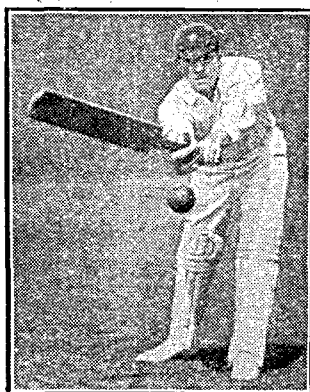
AUSTRALIANS IN THE TEST MATCH



Warren Bardsley, N.S.W., at the finish of an off drive



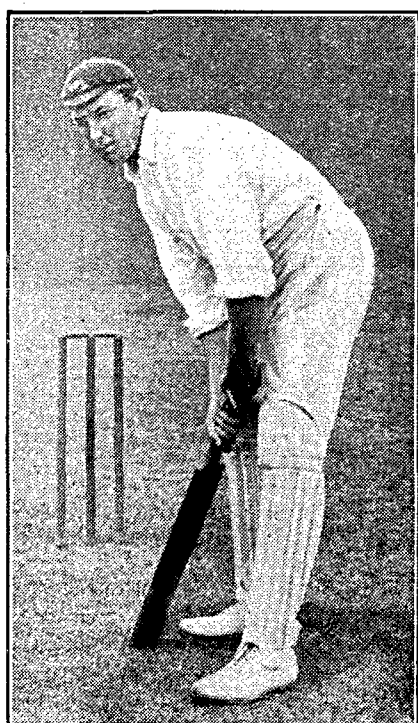
J. Ryder, the Victorian batsman



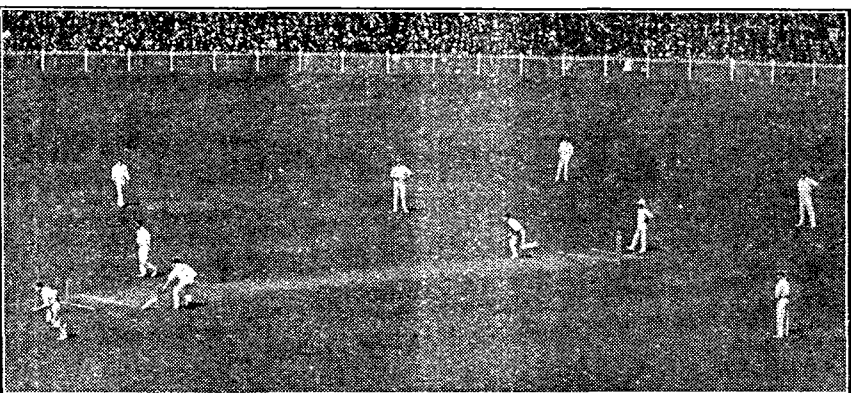
Charles G. Macartney, N.S.W., Australia's greatest batsman



Vernon Ransford, a famous Victorian Test Match batsman, and splendid in the outfield



Warwick Armstrong, Australia's captain, who recently scored 157 not out and 245



Rhodes and Hobbs batting in the Fourth Test Match at Melbourne Cricket Ground in 1913. Armstrong, Carter, and Kelleway, who are playing in the first Test, are also in the picture



H. Carter, N.S.W., Australia's wicket keeper



Charles Kelleway, N.S.W., one of Australia's best all-round players



T. J. Andrews, N.S.W., a promising new player

These are some of the fine Australian cricketers in the first Test Match against the M.C.C. team now being played at Sydney. See next column

TEST MATCHES BEGIN

CHRISTMAS CRICKET IN AUSTRALIA

Giants on Both Sides

A GLORIOUS FIGHT AT SYDNEY

By Our Athletic Correspondent

This week, on Sydney Cricket Ground, the cream of the cricketers of England and Australia renew once more the fight for the famous Ashes, as we call the fight for the championship at cricket.

The last Test Matches played in Australia resulted in a splendid victory for England. Mr. Warner's great side of 1912-13, with S. F. Barnes, whom Australians regard as the greatest English bowler that has ever visited Australia, and F. R. Foster, the famous Warwickshire left-hand bowler, at the head of the English attack, won four of the five Tests played. John Berry, Hobbs, F. E. Woolley, J. W. Hearne, and Wilfrid Rhodes were all in wonderful form with the bat. It is comforting to think that they will all be playing for England at Sydney this week.

Australia's Chances

Everyone in England knows the deeds of the English team. How does Australia stand? What are her chances against our men today? We shall indeed be making a very big mistake if we underestimate the Australians, or imagine our men are going to win easily.

It is true that most of the great names of Australian cricket are heard no more. Poor Victor Trumper, whom all Australians and many Englishmen regard as perhaps the greatest and the most classic batsman that ever lived, is dead, cut off in his prime by a fell disease; Cotter, the brilliant fast bowler, brightest, merriest, most debonaire of spirits, fell in Palestine; R. A. Duff, Trumper's famous partner, also is dead; M. A. Noble, Clem Hill, and Hugh Trumble have all retired.

Bowlers and Batsmen

But these cricket giants have been succeeded by others. Armstrong, Ransford, Bardsley, Macartney and Kelleway have all played in Test Matches for Australia before, and they are all still in form.

Then there is J. M. Gregory, the brilliant fast bowler and batsman who did so well for the A.I.F. team in England last summer; H. L. Collins, batsman and bowler too, another A.I.F. player, who, with Macartney, put on 244 for the first wicket in N.S.W.'s 2nd innings in the M.C.C. match at Sydney in November, and won the match for his side; Dr. R. L. Park, a Victorian, one of the greatest batsmen in Australia today; J. Ryder, also a Victorian, a great batsman and a fine bowler; C. B. Willis, a Victorian batsman who headed the A.I.F. batting averages here last summer; Dr. Don Steele, a young South Australian batsman; C. E. Pellew, another great South Australian; J. M. Taylor, a dashing hitter from New South Wales; H. L. Hendry, a N.S.W. all-round player of great promise; T. J. Andrews, a fine batsman, also from N.S.W.; A. A. Mailey, a slow leg-break bowler; and many other splendid "colts," whose names will all be famous before the Test Matches are over.

Battle for the Ashes

The return of R. J. A. Massie, Australia's finest left-hand bowler, to active cricket has filled Australians with delight. He was very badly wounded in France, and it was feared he would never bowl again. He will probably play in the later Test Matches.

England will indeed have to put her best foot forward to beat an Australian eleven composed of such men as these. It is a bold thing to prophesy victory for Douglas's men, but, just because they are a little more experienced than their younger opponents, they will probably retain the Ashes for England.

Yet who can tell? What a glorious fight it will be!

GOOD RESOLUTIONS CHRISTMAS MEETING OF THE CABINET PUDDING

Crackers and Claws

CHAIRMAN SITS ON THE CHESHIRE CAT

By a Reporter Who Was Not There

At a meeting of the Cabinet Pudding, Mr. Samuel Pickwick presiding, supported by Sir Harry Lauder, Dick Whittington, the Cheshire Cat, Peter Pan, and Little Miss Muffet, it was resolved as follows:

1. That any child hanging up too small a stocking for the gifts of Father Christmas shall be fined one mince-pie.
2. That any child having no faith in Father Christmas shall be debarred from entering into the true joy of Christmas Day.
3. That any parent refusing to supply his or her children with stockings on Christmas Eve shall be considered a disgrace.
4. That no lessons in geography shall be given on Christmas Day save only the pleasantest questions concerning Turkey—*Will you have some more?*
5. That any cracker worthy the name shall contain a toy as well as a cap.
6. That any little boy who is rude to his sister shall be made to eat plum pudding from morning till night for a period of 365 days.
7. That any little sister who is snappy to her brother shall lose her hair ribbon.
8. Finally, that in every home in the land a collection shall be made for the Blinded Sailors and Soldiers of St. Dunstan's and the Cripple Children of Sir William Treloar's Orphanage.

At the conclusion of the meeting a vote of thanks was proposed to the Chairman and passed unanimously.

Christmas Everywhere

The Chairman, in reply, said that he was glad to think Christmas was Christmas all the world over; but he would very gladly take any foreigner by the waistcoat-button and talk to him for an hour or more if the said foreigner presumed to say that Christmas was not more particularly Christmas in England than in any other country under the sun. (Loud cheers)

To say the contrary, he continued, is to maintain that English children are not the jolliest children in the world, and I have yet to learn that anyone has had the audacity, even in the House of Commons (laughter), to affirm that monstrous error. (Prolonged cheers)

The right honourable gentleman resumed his chair somewhat suddenly, but jumped up again much more suddenly, having sat on the Cheshire Cat. He rose with the ejaculation "Santa Claws!" This humorous incident brought the proceedings to a cheerful conclusion, and the Cabinet Pudding adjourned till December 1921.

IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

Two pairs of Sèvres vases	£2079
First edition of Don Quixote	£2000
A Stradivarius violin	£1700
Inlaid table of Louis XVI period	£819
A pair of Louis XVI candelabra	£682
A French dwarf cabinet	£504
A terra-cotta statuette of 1783	£483
Hawaiian chief's feather cloak	£210
A Chippendale armchair	£158

LITTLE MARGARET'S RIDE

WAY HOME FROM SCHOOL

C.N. Girl's Long Journey
in Kenya

AND WHAT SHE SEES ON THE WAY

A Scotsman sends us a letter from his grand-daughter Margaret, a lassie of twelve, who leaves her home near Lake Albert, in Uganda, where her father is a coffee and cotton planter, and who goes to school at Nairobi, in British East Africa, now called Kenya.

Her letter describes her week's journey home for the holidays. We have traced it on a map, that our readers may see how the journey was made, by rail and by steamer, 675 miles, by a girl of 12, through a country where ninety-nine people in a hundred are natives.

Kinyala Estate, Masindi, Uganda.

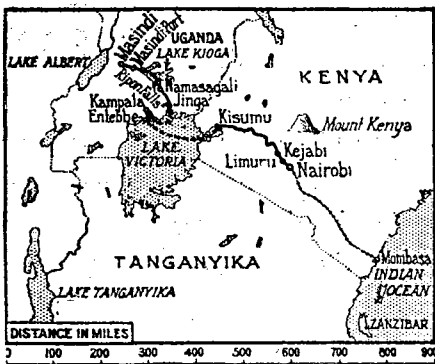
Dear Grandad, I am writing to tell you of my journey from school to home.

The train left Nairobi station at 4 p.m. on Saturday, July 5. We saw nothing much from Nairobi to Limuru. There we had tea and fruit. On each side of the railway stretch great grassy plains, dotted with buck, zebra, and ostriches.

Like Worms of Fire

After dark we could see nothing but the sparks from the engine, which look like worms of fire, for the train uses wood.

We did not need to get out at Kejabi for dinner, as the matron of the school had loaded us with good things to eat.



The way Margaret went home

We slept well, two of us under an eider-down, as it is very cold at night.

It was ten o'clock on Sunday morning when we got to Kisumu, on Lake Victoria, where the steamer Clement Hill was waiting.

The steamer left at mid-day, and, crossing Lake Victoria, arrived at Entebbe next day at 11 a.m. Oh! but it was rough, and I was very sick.

From Entebbe I went to Kampala, and spent the night on the boat there; and on Tuesday we reached Jinja, where I stayed the night.

I had just time to visit the Ripon Falls, and see the hippos playing in the water, before the train left for Namasagali, on Wednesday forenoon.

Only Papyrus and Crocodiles

The s.s. Stanley was waiting at Namasagali, and we sailed that night. As I came up the wrong week I had to be on board for three days on Lake Kioga, calling at the different ports, where bales of ginned cotton were put on.

The lake is uninteresting; you only see papyrus grass and a few crocodiles.

The captain of the Stanley counted the number of miles I had to travel to school. It came to 675 miles, and it took me a week.

Saturday morning brought me to Masindi Port, where the van was waiting. The driver brought from Mummie some sandwiches, and some Children's Newspapers for me to read on the way.

At Masindi Dad and Mum and Chiels were waiting for me with the car, and we had tea. MARGARET MARGACH

THE FARMER AND HIS SHEEP

Queer Problem in a Village

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE WOOL WORLD?

By Our Yorkshire Correspondent

The great, gaunt hills of our Yorkshire dales are inhabited chiefly by black-faced sheep. They live there in enormous numbers, feeding in the heather and on the banks of torrential becks, in company with curlew, plover, and Brer Rabbit.

The farmers are chiefly shepherds. Their great work lies on these wind-swept moors. Many a winter night you will find some of them battling through a snowstorm to look after their lambs.

They have always regarded the wool of their flocks as the Irishman regards his pig. The wool, they say, pays rent.

A few weeks ago I watched one of these farmers running his shears swiftly under the fleece of a sheep lying peacefully on its back, its golden eyes fixed on the farmer's dog. I said to him:

"Is it a good clip this year?"

"Aye," said he, "fair enough; any-way, it will pay the rent, or should do."

I thought to myself: "You're an artful man, you are. Pay for your rent! I should think it would! And put a good £100 into your bank after the landlord has been satisfied."

I was wrong. Not one ounce of wool has been sold. *No one will buy it.*

I asked another farmer whether he had sold any wool.

"Nay," said he.

"How's that?" I asked.

"No one has asked for it," he replied. "Funny thing, aren't it?—aye, a very funny thing. But that's the fact: no one has asked for it."

And so it is; a thing so funny as to be monstrous. Look at the price tickets in a hosier's window, and you will see how monstrously funny this funny thing is—truly, enough to make a sheep laugh!

LOVE AT THE FRONTIER The Bride Who Had Her Way

Everybody likes to hear of the failure of people who hold travellers up at the frontiers of nations.

Most of them seem to have a haughty delight in giving harmless people trouble, so that it is impossible to grieve when they lose the game.

They have lost the game with a quick-witted German engineer who wished to marry his sweetheart from a neighbouring country. She could not get a passport to cross the border into Germany.

The engineer proposed that, in spite of the passport being denied, the marriage should take place, the bride standing on her side of the frontier barrier and the bridegroom on his.

When the service ended, the lady was, by law, of the same nationality as her husband—German. And he, stepping forward, lifted her over the barrier into what was now her own country, leaving the guards staring in helpless amazement.

A NEGRO POET

There has always been a strong tendency among the White races to treat the Negro races with less than justice and much less than kindness.

Yet the Negroes, notwithstanding many disadvantages, especially the numbing feeling of being "looked down on," have produced many highly intelligent men.

To a distinguished musician they now have added an ambitious poet, Claude McKay, who has appealed to the British public with a volume of poems—"Spring in New Hampshire."

We hope the prejudice of race will for once be silent, and give the dusky singer a sympathetic hearing.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY CHECKMATING NAPOLEON

Quiet Poet of the Countryside

PIERCING THE ALPS

- | | | |
|--------|---|------|
| Dec 19 | William Pitt became Prime Minister | 1783 |
| 20. | Louis Napoleon made President of France | 1848 |
| 21. | Challenger starts on its famous voyage | 1872 |
| 22. | Captain Dreyfus condemned | 1894 |
| 23. | Lavalette's romantic prison escape | 1815 |
| 24. | George Crabbe born at Aldeburgh | 1754 |
| 25. | Mont Cenis tunnel completed | 1870 |

William Pitt

PITT was the statesman who reached the greatest positions in English politics at the earliest age. He was a member of Parliament before he was 22; Chancellor of the Exchequer before he was 24; and Prime Minister before he was 25.

He was born in 1759, when his father was at the height of his power, founding the British Empire in India and Canada; and his father reared him to be a politician like himself.

Pitt was so weakly in his boyhood that he was never sent to school; but he became a scholarly man by his own studies. As a youth he had so carefully studied speaking that the moment he began to address the House of Commons he was recognised as a practised orator. "This is not a chip off the old block," said Burke; "it is the old block itself."

For over 20 years William Pitt was the man of greatest influence in the British Parliament. He set himself to checkmate Napoleon, but died at the very height of the Frenchman's power. "Oh, my country, how I leave my country!" were Pitt's last despairing words. But ten years later Napoleon had been utterly overthrown.

Pitt was at heart a reformer, but was turned aside into war by the unrestfulness of other countries, and died before he could achieve triumphs like his father's.

George Crabbe

GEORGE CRABBE was a quiet country clergyman, who wrote poetry in such a way that he withdraws apart from the main currents of English verse, but deserves to be known.

He was, when young, a doctor at Aldeburgh, a little old Suffolk sea port where he had been born. Then he went to London to gain fame as a poet, but did not succeed. However, through Edmund Burke, whose friendship he gained, he secured modest preferments by becoming a clergyman, and had a long acquaintance with country life.

This knowledge he put into clear but formal verse for 40 years. Rather oddly, his style was that of Alexander Pope, a very towny poet, who lived 70 years before him, and knew nothing of the country and cared less.

George Crabbe's pictures in verse of country characters and ways are faithful, though sad and grey, and have an historical value. He has been called "A Pope in worsted stockings."

The Mont Cenis Tunnel

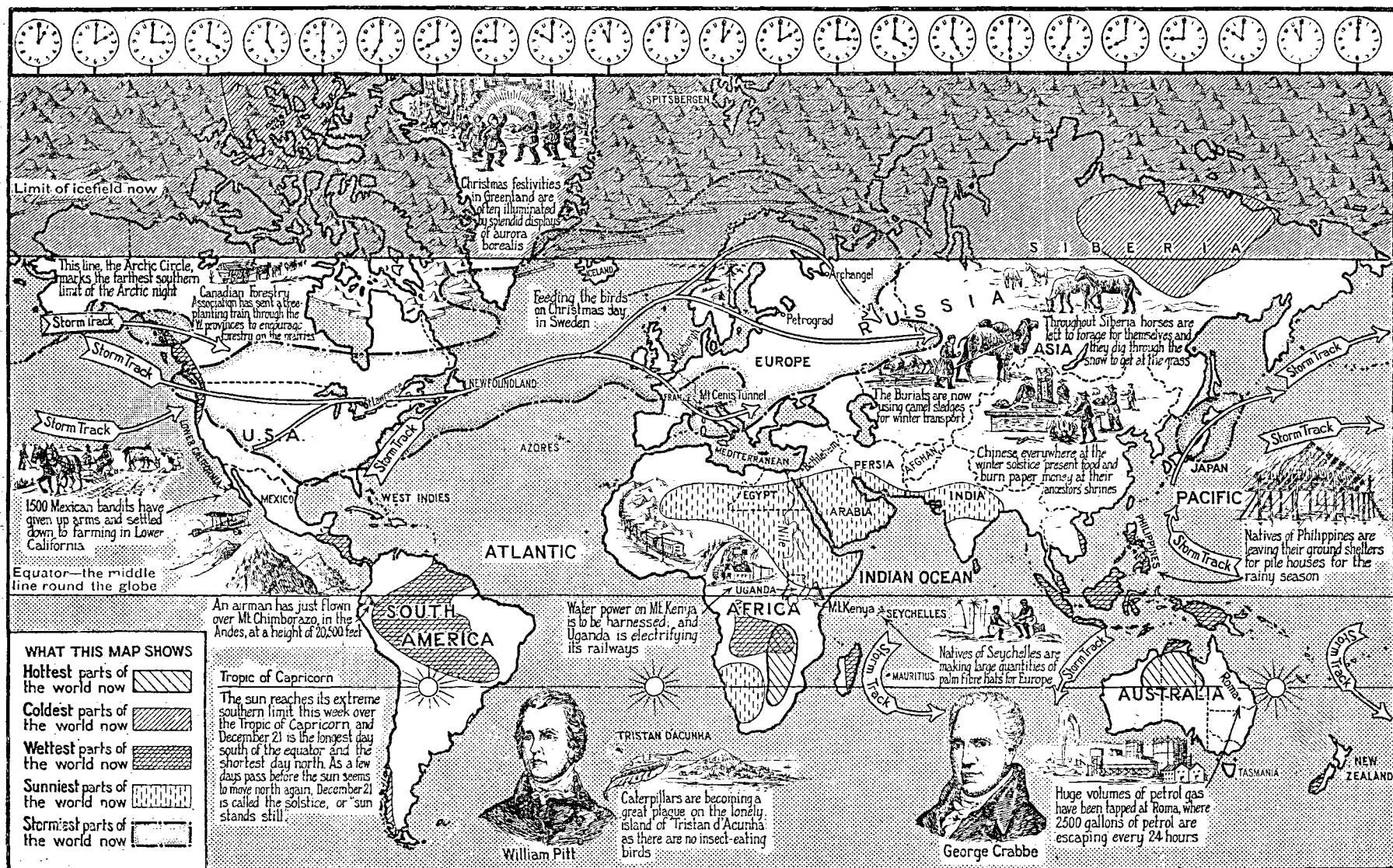
THE railway tunnel under the Western Alps, from France into the Italian plain, was the first ever bored. Now there are many alpine tunnels.

The Mont Cenis tunnel was begun on the Italian side in 1857, and on the French side in 1863, and it was completed and opened in 1871. It cost £3,000,000. Its highest point is 4249 feet above the sea.

While the boring was being done much was learnt about the making of tunnels. At first the tunnel was only advanced 9 inches a day; but towards the end the progress was five times greater.

The length is nearly eight miles. The railway, after leaving Chambéry in France, climbs up the valley of the river Isère, then, more steeply, up a tributary, the Arc, to Modane, where it enters the tunnel, still in France. It emerges on the Italian side into the valley of the Dora, and follows the stream down to Turin.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING WEATHER ALL OVER THE WORLD



LOST IN THE BUSH Old Man's Sad Story

By Our Australian Correspondent

William Parker, of Towamba, New South Wales, was lost in the Australian bush for 11 days, being entirely without food.

One Friday morning, not long ago, he attempted to penetrate the thick bush country from Nethercote to the Eden whaling station. When he did not arrive within reasonable time search parties went out after him.

On the tenth day the search was abandoned. On the eleventh day a man was drawing logs from the Jingera Ranges when Parker crawled to him on his hands and knees!

His appearance was wretched in the extreme. Weakened and worn from incessant walking through the rough and mountainous bush country, he was reduced almost to a skeleton. His face and body were terribly lacerated, and he was almost naked, his clothes having been torn from his body as he forced his way through the dense jungle scrub.

He was revived by some hot tea, and was later removed to his home, where he is now making satisfactory progress towards recovery. He is nearly seventy.

RAINBOWS WHILE YOU WAIT

What a Reader Saw

Concerning rainbows, to which we have lately referred, a reader who in 1917 was at a military camp near Newcastle-on-Tyne tells how he repeatedly saw there artificial rainbows of great beauty. His duties took him to works where there was a dam, with a cooling apparatus of pipes on the surface of the water, with smaller pipes protruding with nozzles.

Warm water was forced up through the nozzles, and rose in the air in spray, and about 9 a.m., on sunny mornings, lovely rainbows could be seen. Two hours later they disappeared as the sun passed to a different position.

LOSING ITS BAD NAME Hero and the Gas Helmet

The gas-helmet has hitherto been doomed to have a bad name.

It preserves the memory of one of the most dastardly devices brought into warfare to make it trebly cruel; it is disagreeable to wear, and horribly ugly.

But its character is being redeemed, for at Ashford, in Kent, the helmet has been splendidly and bravely used by a gallant ex-officer named Hole to protect himself while he entered a house filled with suffocating smoke, and rescued an aged woman who was in one of the rooms on the upper floor of the house.

The use of the helmet in acts of mercy in days of peace may help us to forget in part its hideous history in war.

ABBEY SINGERS

Memory of 50 Years Ago

We gave the other day a picture of Madame D'Alvarez as that of the first woman soloist in Westminster Abbey.

A courteous correspondent, who describes himself as one of our "Elder Children" (of whom we are glad to think we have many tens of thousands all over the world), tells us that, in or about 1870, he heard Madame Albani sing in the Abbey "Angels ever bright and fair," in aid of a fund for aged musicians.

We are sorry for the mistake; but we are in some degree consoled by the charming letter in which our friend makes the correction.

On inquiry we find that several other ladies have sung in the Abbey, including Dame Clara Butt and Miss Carrie Tubb.

RED RAIN

A correspondent writing from Mentone, on the Riviera, concerning our recent note on red rain, says that there, at the beginning of October, after a strong, hot wind from the south, with heavy rain, he gathered leaves in the hotel gardens bearing a heavy deposit of reddish-brown dust; and he could clearly see similar deposits on other leaves.

THROUGH RAGING SEAS Thrilling Rescue at Penzance

Mount's Bay, near Penzance, is fringed by an iron-bound coast, where the sea in stormy weather boils and surges so that no boat can live in it.

But the other day a boy of 19 dived from a wreck into such a sea, swam through it for 60 feet carrying a life-line, and saved a crew of 45 who dared not take to the boats for fear of being dashed to pieces.

The boy was a Birmingham apprentice named Davis. When he reached the shore he was almost unconscious, but the life-line he carried enabled a hawser from the ship to be attached to the rocks, and along this line 20 of the crew managed to get ashore. The remainder were rescued by rocket apparatus. No one was seriously injured.

DOCTOR'S SACRIFICE

Dying for the Race

The story of X-rays as a means of relieving human suffering has resulted in the terrible lingering death of another doctor. This hero was Dr. Charles Infroit, of an X-ray laboratory in Paris.

He has been working at X-rays for 22 years. He began when protective measures were not understood as well as now, and for 10 years he has been suffering from incurable injuries caused by the rays. After 22 operations he has died a most honourable death, looking an old, old man at the age of 46, but working to the end, and dying at last for the human race.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Fiume Fee-oo-may
Lavalette Lah-vah-let
Mont Cenis Mon-say-nee
Thorwaldsen Tor-vahl-sen

Foreign sounds cannot be represented exactly, but are given as nearly as possible.

DOMES AND PIERS

Is St. Paul's Struggling to Stand Straight?

Great St. Paul's, London's pride, seems so huge and solid, with its dome crowning the city with a sober dignity, that we never think of it as being in any way unsteady.

Nor is it so exactly, but according to Canon Alexander, its treasurer, it is always engaged in a struggle to stand firm. Wren planned it for a lighter dome. The result is thus described, graphically, by the canon:

As one stands beneath the dome there is a wonderful impression of serenity and power, yet in fact there is always going on, without pause, day and night, a veritable struggle of giants—the dome pressing down the piers, and the piers straining to uplift the dome.

The piers are being helped in their struggle by great steel girders; but the cost of the girders is increasing, and the canon asks for funds to help the noble church to stand steadily far on into the coming centuries.

SHIPS IN THE NIGHT

The Lights that Guide Them Home

The friendly lighthouses which greet the mariner at night as he nears land cast their beams for many miles out to sea, the famous Eddystone Lighthouse having lamps of 159,600 candle-power, visible over 17 miles away.

Two new lamps that have just been made by an engineering firm in the Midlands were recently tested before being sent to China, where they are to be installed—one on the Shantung Peninsula in Northern China, and the other on Dodd Island, which is off the coast, in the Sea of Japan.

The lamp for Dodd Island is of 331,000 candle-power, and its light will be seen for 22 miles, while that for the Shantung Peninsula will act as a beacon to mariners for 25 miles.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 18 1920

If Only the People of England Knew!

We give in this place today, so that it may ring through the homes of millions of the justice-loving people of our land, this vivid and terrible picture from the Times.

THERE is no laughter today in Ireland. It has fled the land, banished first of all by the terrorism of Sinn Fein, grim, cold-blooded, and cruel, and now by the added fear of reprisals.

Between the nether and upper millstones the law-abiding population—the great majority of the people of Ireland—are ground to powder.

They live a life of panic. They have become a nation of whisperers. No man can trust his neighbour unless he is an intimate friend. They dare not discuss in public even the reports of horrors with which the newspapers are daily filled. Some enemy might hear.

No one can go to bed at night without the feeling that armed men may walk into his bedroom in the hours of darkness. At any moment the dreadful hammering at the door may come, and then no power on earth can keep the door closed.

In the streets, even before the curfew hour, peaceable citizens may find themselves held up on their way, and unable, sometimes for hours, to go about their business or return to their homes.

Hardly an evening passes without, in one district or another, the sound of rifle or revolver shots. Grim letters of personal warning, notices of forthcoming vengeance on whole towns, and similar alarming threats are almost commonplaces of life. It is easy to find people who have been cruelly knocked about or thrown into rivers, or who have had their houses burnt about their ears.

Every night thousands of people sleep in the fields, under hedges or haystacks, because they dare not sleep at home. Every night, if they stay in their houses, many thousands go to bed in fear and trembling, in a Christian land, in the 20th century, in a time of peace.

Why do these things happen? Why are servants of the Crown charged with pillage and arson and what amounts to lynch law? How can the reign of terror be stopped?

Many men have tried to answer that last question; many men in Ireland and England think of hardly anything else. The mass of the people of Ireland are beginning to believe that it is only the people of England who can do it.

If only the people in England knew! Everywhere in Ireland you hear that cry.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Gospel of Small Things

WE have received several friendly letters objecting to a comment we made on Divine intervention to save a roll of money from being burned.

Our readers suggest that we need not have made our comment of gentle warning, and that we suggested doubt as to God's care for small things.

The comment was made because we were asked for it; and, of course, we had no idea of limiting the range of God's care of His children.

Our conception of our Father in Heaven is that His care far transcends human love in every way; but the more we recognise that the less willing shall we be to assume that we can make ourselves the interpreters of His ways in the small details of life.

Superstition begins when we presume to make ourselves the direct mouthpieces of the Divine and readers of the Eternal Mind. In that way true reverence is not found.

We think the view we expressed is not only not irreligious, but is more deeply religious than our friends are aware of. We believe God does intervene in our affairs, but we do not believe we are right in supposing Him to intervene to save us from the effect of our own carelessness or for small and casual purposes.

Japan and Her Young Men

ONE of the most curious points raised at the League of Nations came from Japan. It shows in a striking way the thoroughness with which that enlightened Eastern land undertakes any task.

The Japanese pointed out that they are so far away that delegates sent to an annual meeting of the League would have to be from home five months in each year. Then, if they were returning for the next year's meeting, they would have to book their next passage six months beforehand—only a month after reaching home, which would hardly give them time to report properly on the meetings. Besides, such long absences from home would not be possible for the leading men in the land.

The Japanese way of meeting this difficulty deserves careful attention, for it shows how finely they grapple with difficulty, and also how much they value the League. They have chartered a steamer for their present visit, and brought a little cargo of young, bright, studious men to study the problems that come before the League, and from these men in the future they can choose relays of delegates specially fitted for representing their country at Geneva.

There could not be a better proof of Japan's faith in the future of this great institution on which all our hopes now rest.

Working His Way Up

IT was John Ruskin who used to write so much of the dignity of labour, and it is clearly coming.

We hear of a man from the war who asked a builder for work, and the sympathetic builder said to him, "I'm sorry I cannot start you as a bricklayer's labourer, but I will give you a job as a clerk, and you can work your way up."

Our best wishes to him. We hope he will reach the top.

Tip-Cat

MR. SHORTT denies that the Government is committed to anything. All the same, it has its trials.

MR. HUME protests that the L.C.C. does not shrink when duty lies before it. But surely duty does not lie?

THE headmaster of Eton feels that "what we need is to have the truth told by everybody." But does everybody know it?

WE are assured there is not to be a stage strike. Players are not workers.

LITTLE WILLIE is tired of Holland. Let him try England.

THE break in prices will come when the buyer puts on the brake.

IT has come out that Tino, in tearing up his treaty to defend Serbia, spoke with scorn of keeping his word, and said, "I prefer to lose my honour." And he did so.

"LET us all keep together," is Lord Haig's advice. Nothing else is worth keeping now.

WHY an article costs 2s. more now is because the material in it costs 1s. more and the labour 1s. 6d. more.

End of Term

By Our Country Girl

ALAS, alack, for the fallen leaves! The schoolboy thought with a sigh.

Like golden sheep in the autumn road
The north wind drove them by.

Hooray, hoorah! cried the fallen leaves.

Farewell to our greenwood school;
Farewell at last to the Fourth Form Branch;
We've done with task and rule.

We can romp and prance, and
skate and dance,
And slide on the frozen hill.
We're going home for the holidays;
We've done with sitting still!



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW

Why mother is vexed when flour rises, and pleased when dough rises

There Was a Land So Torn in Twain

THERE was a land so torn in twain

By envy, greed, and strife,
That children in their woe and pain
Asked God if that were life;
Till one arose, a simple man,
Who said, "Give ear, my brothers;

I have a cure, a right good plan:
Let's think of others!"

You never saw so great, so quick,
So sweet a change before;
All Knowledge ran to heal the sick,
All Power to raise the poor;
And all the fathers laughed and said

To all the smiling mothers,
"How lovely is our daily bread
When shared with others!"

THE wisdom of the Wise had failed
To take away their curse;
The Strong and Mighty had prevailed

To make things only worse.
But now the cripples ran and leapt,
And sang, O what could ease us
Of slavery to self except
The touch of Jesus? H. B.

The Shopkeeper

By Our Country Girl in Town

IT was a foreigner, envious of England's prosperity, who said that we were a nation of shopkeepers. I talked to a shopkeeper the other day who made me proud of it.

This man, who has now one of the most important businesses in London, follows a beautiful trade, in which, for twelve years, he was a failure. But he clung on, and fought his battle.

This man loves his craft, which helps to make homes beautiful, and he is no more ashamed of being a shopkeeper than an artist is of being a painter, or a poet of being a writer. He would no more retire than he would put out his eyes.

There is only one sadness in his life. He gave his son such an education that he could take on any career he liked, but he hoped that the boy would carry on his business. The boy's career began and ended in the War for Civilisation. Noble shopkeepers there, worthy followers of the Phoenician merchants who sailed out exploring the unknown world.

So think the Queen and the Prince of Wales, it would seem, for they often come to the beautiful galleries of this shop for a lesson, as her Majesty says.

There is an old woman who is employed in cleaning the goods here who has almost become part of the firm, and she told me that the Prince always looks out for her, and gives her a smile, and raises his hat.

So the prig sneers at shopkeeping, and the Prince bares his head to industry—the industry of a charwoman.

The World is Safe

O mighty river! strong, eternal Will,
Wherein the streams of human good
and ill

Are onward swept, conflicting, to the sea!

The world is safe because it floats in Thee.
HENRY VAN DYKE

December 18, 1920

The Children's Newspaper

7

THE GREAT HOPE OF MANKIND LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND ITS GOOD WORK

Peacemakers of Geneva and What They Are Doing INTERNATIONAL ARMY TO STOP WAR

The thing happening today that matters most to the people who will be living fifty years from now is the development of the League of Nations.

The world's war-makers are many. To some misguided minds war is a kind of sport, sought for the sake of its excitements. Ambition, passion, greed, religious fanaticism—all fan the flames of the earth's most terrible curse.

As a barrier against these evil influences the calm wisdom of mankind is setting up the League of Nations as a perpetual Peacemaker. Well may we all watch and pray for its foundations to be firm, its work wise, its successes clear.

And indeed the great assembly at Geneva has already proved that the League is doing sound work, all tending to spread friendship among the nations.

Sound Work Done

Before the meeting at Geneva much work of great value had been done. Perhaps the greatest is the proposal of international laws that shall be accepted by, and be binding on, all nations. But laws are not interesting to most people, whereas anyone can understand the stopping of quarrels and wars now actually going on. In one part of Europe the League has already done that, and there is a good hope that it will do it also in Asia.

Poland and Lithuania have been fighting for the town of Vilna, which is outside the frontier line recommended for Poland when the Treaty of Peace was made, and which Lithuania looks on as her capital. A question that no one can answer is whether the people of Vilna wish to be in Poland or in Lithuania. By the advice of the League of Nations fighting has stopped, and the League is arranging for a fair vote.

League's First Army

But recommendations of the League will have no lasting effect unless it is shown that the League has power to police a disputed district, and to make the people in it accept the will and conscience of the world.

In short, the League must have an army of peace that may, if necessary, prevent war, and the League has arranged that when the vote is taken in Vilna small detachments of troops will be present from Great Britain, France, Belgium and Spain to see that fair play is shown all round. Here we see what may be a great turning-point in the world's story.

Again, the League has persuaded the President of the United States, the King of Spain, and the President of Brazil to act in arranging a peace between the people of Armenia and the Turkish armies under Kemal Pasha who call themselves Nationalists. If that can be done it will be a great victory over violence and raise high the world's hopes.

Austria and Bulgaria In

Austria has now been welcomed as a member of the League, a position she has deserved by her wisdom since the war. Bulgaria has been refused admission by the vote of the countries immediately around her.

The placing of the Spanish language, spoken by 16 nations in the League, on an equality with English and French as one of the official tongues, has been postponed for a year, but no doubt Spanish will be brought in later, when German also will claim a place.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Women are expected very soon to have the vote in Italy.

David Copperfield's Home

David Copperfield's home at 13 Johnson Street, Somers Town, has been turned into a children's library.

Danger of a Toy Balloon

A little girl of ten has been suffocated in Sunderland by a toy balloon, which she drew back into her throat while blowing it up.

Sight and Speech Come Back

A Wiltshire woman, who has been helpless in bed for 49 years, dumb for 34 years, and blind part of the time, has suddenly recovered both her sight and her speech.

Water in the abandoned Tipton mines is rising at the rate of four inches a day.

From Rome

A branch of a bay tree from Rome has been placed on the Unknown Warrior's Tomb in the Abbey.

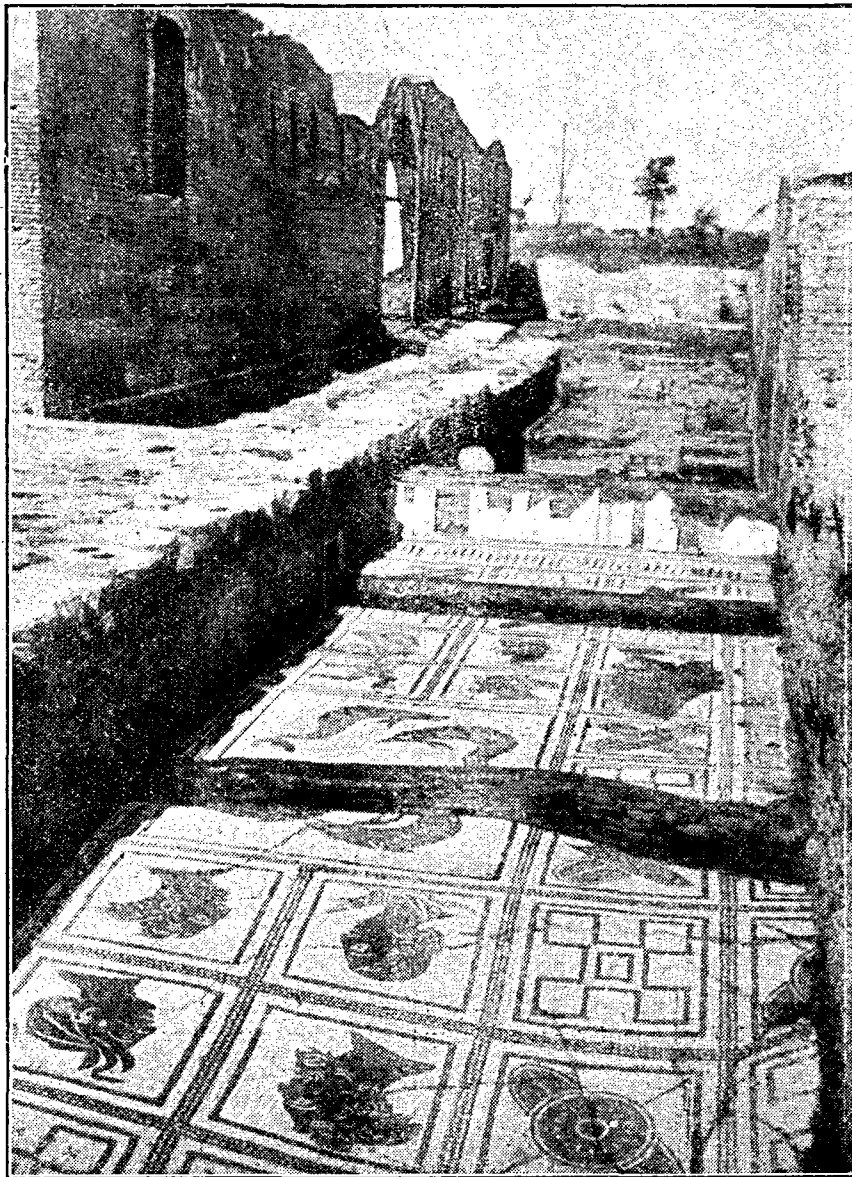
Cow Makes 200 People Ill

The milk from a cow in a herd in Dumbartonshire is believed to have made 200 people ill, and caused three deaths.

The Viol and the Violin

Sir Frederick Bridge, the famous composer, has been reminding us in a lecture that in the old days, when the viol was a popular instrument, the violin was scorned as beneath the dignity of anybody but the common fiddler at the door.

A PAVEMENT CAESAR MAY HAVE WALKED ON



A Roman pavement brought to light by the excavations now going on at Ostia, the ancient port of Rome

PLEASE BE CAREFUL AT CHRISTMAS

WE gladly give these notes prepared by the British Fire Prevention Committee for Christmas. They should be carefully read and observed throughout the land.

CHRISTMAS TREES. Christmas trees should not be placed near window curtains or in positions in which a draught may cause draperies and other things to be blown on to the lights.

EVERGREENS. All dry shrubs are easily ignited, especially the fir trees used at Christmas, as they contain a considerable quantity of resin.

COTTON WOOL. Cotton wool—unless properly treated—should not be used to represent snow, as it is highly inflammable. Asbestos fibre or slag wool are good substitutes.

PAPER LANTERNS. All paper and similar lanterns should be hung by wire, and during the period they are lighted should be watched to see they do not swing. A swinging Chinese lantern easily catches fire.

TISSUE PAPER. Tissue paper—unless properly treated—should not be used as a decoration for illuminated globes.

CANDLES. Candles are easily bent out of shape, even by the slight heat of another light below. Bent candles droop down and set things alight.

CELLULOID. Celluloid, being a highly inflammable material, should not be used on Christmas trees or in decoration.

MATCHES. Do not leave matches within the reach of young children.

ELECTRIC WIRING. Do not make the slightest change in electric wiring without consulting a competent electrician or an electrical inspector.

SNAP DRAGON. In playing snap dragon the players should be warned not to shake any lighted spirit upon muslin, flannelette, or other highly inflammable clothing. Players should remove any such accessories as celluloid bangles, strings of celluloid beads, or hair ornaments.

THE WILD POET ITALY AND FIUME

Closing Days of the Mad Adventure of the Mutineers

SCANDAL OF DISORDER

By Our Political Correspondent

One would think that people who reflect at all on the duty of citizenship would be warned by what has been happening, so long at Fiume, on the Adriatic Sea, that rebellion against law and order has become a scandal in the eyes of the whole world.

The wisdom of the world has been trying most seriously to do what, is just to two nations, one of the oldest and one of the youngest of nations—Italy and Jugo-Slavia.

The governments of those countries have discussed it with friendly candour, and have come to an agreement. The facts are plain for anyone to understand them.

Fiume and Its Neighbours

The facts are that the town of Fiume is inhabited chiefly by Italians, and the business of the port is chiefly in their hands. But vast numbers of other people are deeply interested in it. It is conveniently situated, and is connected by railways with countries far inland.

Its railways pass through Croatia and Slavonia, provinces of Jugo-Slavia, into Hungary, and through Carinthia, and Styria into Austria, and they connect up these comparatively rich lands with the sea. The town is their natural outlet. It can help or hinder the trade of millions.

People with any business sense or any feeling of fairness must see that such a town, actually in Jugo-Slavia though peopled by a majority of Italians, ought to be managed for the well-being of all.

The Mob-Orator

But see what has happened. A wild Italian poet, a man packed full of empty vanity and sentiment, a clever mob-orator who can tickle the ears of excitable people with his windy talk, Gabriel D'Annunzio, has addressed himself to a part of the Italian army and the Italian navy, caused them to mutiny, cast off their allegiance to their native land, and seize the town.

The world is not to settle anything about Fiume for the general good of mankind, but Gabriel D'Annunzio claims that he and his little knot of mutineers, some 10,000 it is said, are to settle everything, for the fancied advantage of Italy, as he thinks of Italy—not as the Italian Government thinks.

And not only is that so, but he has seized two islands off the port, and apparently thinks of seizing others, and of controlling the Adriatic as a Dictator.

Wild Man's Whims

The Italian Government, after much patience and humiliation, has determined to suppress him at last, as indeed it is bound to do if it is to be regarded as a Government at all.

Fiume itself has become tired of this wild man's whims and theatrical airs, which must have done great harm to the port, and it will be glad when the farce of rebellion, violence, and sensation is ended, and ordinary life can go on.

In all this trouble stirred up by one man there is a lesson much needed by headstrong people in every country—the lesson that true patriotism consists in obeying the nation's laws, or the laws of the town in which we live, and changing them, if they are wrong, by persuasion and argument, and not by rebellion and violence.

J. D.

GOOD TURNS ALL ROUND

Chief Scout's Christmas Message

HOW WE CAN ALL HELP TO BUILD THE NEW WORLD

By Sir Robert Baden-Powell

A Merry Christmas to you all, and a Happy New Year in 1921.

The Scouts among you, at any rate, know the secret of Christmas joy, and I am sure they won't forget it. They know that a merry Christmas depends not, as some people seem to think, on the presents we receive and the plum-pudding we can stow away, but on the good turns we have been able to do and the happiness we have given, to other people.

The beauty of this season of good turns is that anybody and everybody can do them—it does not depend on how rich, or how old, or how clever we may be. It is the spirit in which we give that brings happiness to others. For instance, your mother likes something that you have worked to make for her much better than the most expensive thing that you could buy—and you will be far more pleased with it, too.

Giving and Receiving

And it is not only by giving actual presents that you can give happiness; there are other ways. I know some Scouts who are good at conjuring and entertaining, and at Christmas-time they get permission to give shows in children's hospitals, by which they do a real good turn to their less well-off brothers and sisters.

After all, it is not what we get but what we give that makes for happiness, and this is specially true at Christmas, when we are keeping the birthday of Christ, who said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Peace On Earth

"Peace on earth and goodwill among men" is another of the messages of Christmas, and it is another thing which boys and girls can help to bring about. We can never have peace among nations while there is no goodwill among the peoples. The League of Nations will do all it can to prevent another war; but the only real way to prevent war is for the peoples of different countries to be friendly and full of goodwill for one another.

At the Jamboree at Olympia this year the boys from 27 different countries worked, played, talked, walked, and ate together for a week, and in that short time they made many fast friendships.

When these boys grow up and differences arise between their countries, they will remember the jolly times that they had together; they will remember the good points of the other nation, and they will try to find a peaceable way of settlement rather than go to war and kill each other.

Big Questions To Be Settled

A great man who came to the Jamboree said he had attended all the Peace Conferences, but the Jamboree was the very best Peace Conference of them all.

That is just a small example of the way in which boys and girls can help. By exchanging visits, letters, postcards, stamps, and so on, with boys and girls of other nations, you will all grow up with friendly feelings.

It is you who are growing up now who will have to settle these big questions in the times to come. Make up your minds that you will work—not for war and envy among nations, but for the Christmas spirit of Peace and Goodwill.

BOX MADE OF SAILOR'S FOOD

Navy in the Bad Old Days

ONE OF NELSON'S MEN

A recent article on the life of seamen in the olden times has induced one of our readers, now over eighty years of age, to send on the following memories.

Even the Dean of St. Paul's will admit that things are better now.

My grandfather was one of the Victory men, who had also been in other engagements with Nelson. He lived to the great age of 107.

I, further, had two uncles who had been in the Navy, and I used to hear them talk of the food as dreadful.

When they put in anywhere to fill the water casks they could not always find a spring, and so had to fill up from ponds or rivers, or with any water they happened to discover.

The bad food lasted long after Nelson's time. Even in the Crimea, where my brother served in the Navy, the food for both soldiers and sailors was very bad.

My brother once brought home a friend who, while chatting, put a very neatly-made box into my hand and asked me to guess what wood it was made of. It was rather light and beautifully polished. After I had puzzled over it for some time I was told it was made from a piece of salt junk given out as a dinner ration!

ENEMY LYING IN WAIT

How a Dog Obtained Protection

A Lancashire lassie sends us a story of a faithful dog that at first was misunderstood.

When my father was younger he kept a lock-up shop a few streets away from his home, and he trained his dog Monkey to take him his dinner daily.

One day Monkey set off with the dinner, but at the end of the street he turned back. My grandfather tried to send him on his journey, but he would not go. Then he followed him, in a threatening way, with a stick.

Monkey trotted on ahead, but kept looking round to see that my grandfather was following him, till, in the middle of the next street, a much larger dog rushed out and tried to take the dinner.

Monkey put the dinner down and stood over it, showing fight, till my grandfather drove the other dog away. Then he picked up the dinner and delivered it.

He had not been unwilling to do his duty, but afraid that he might not be able, with an enemy lying in wait; and he was glad of my grandfather's company even with a threatening stick.

PENNYWORTHS

The Cheapest Foods Today

Every working man or woman, boy or girl, uses up a certain amount of energy every day, and the units in which this energy is measured are known as Calories—with a capital C, representing 1000 calories when spelt with a small c.

Some very interesting investigations have lately been made by two women scientists in Glasgow concerning the price of human fuel. If we remember that an average man wants between 3000 and 4000 Calories a day, it is interesting to see what it costs us today to buy food that will give us bodily fuel compared with 1914, before the outbreak of war.

For one penny we get today only 66 Calories' worth of beef, compared with 132 in 1914; of bread 405 calories instead of 810, of sugar 207 instead of 930, of potatoes 375 instead of 542.

Miss Ferguson has set out a table of food values obtainable today for one penny, and the outstanding facts are that bread, flour, potatoes, and haricot beans are the cheapest foods today; and bacon, beef, cheese, oatmeal, sugar, and milk are the dearest, a pennyworth of milk yielding only 60 calories.

TOY SHOP DANGER

Buy Nothing Made of Celluloid

WHY THE KINEMAS HAVE NOT SAFETY FILMS

Christmas is coming again, and thousands of new toys will be coming into the homes of the millions of children who read the C.N. We wish to warn them all against one of the greatest dangers of this time.

Many toys are made of celluloid, and there is no more dangerous substance that is handled every day. It is highly inflammable, and has caused many deaths by fire. It will burst into flame spontaneously under great heat; it has been known to set on fire a girl who was sitting out in the sun with a celluloid comb in her hair.

One of the great dangers of the kinema is the celluloid film. It is not necessary for these films to be made of inflammable celluloid, but the kinema trade finds inflammable films cheaper.

It is high time that Parliament intervened and withdrew the licence from every kinema house that will not use non-inflammable films; but in the meantime we ourselves can guard our homes and our lives by refusing to have anything to do with this terrible material.

Think of a little child playing by a fire with an inflammable toy, and when you are asked to buy one you will shudder and turn away, and be happy in the thought that perhaps you have saved a little one's life.

THE RED INDIAN'S CHEQUE BOOK

And How He Signs His Cheques

Many people who write everything else legibly write their signature in such a way that it cannot be read. But the signature that can never be mistaken is the impress of a finger-print. No man's finger-print is like any other.

This certainty of the finger-print telling the truth is now being used by some tribes of American Indians in the signing of cheques when they have banking accounts.

The banks keep a record of the thumb-prints of the Indians who do business with them. This is specially the case in the districts around Utah, where the Red Man is very successful in breeding cattle and sheep, and so making money.

The banks say that they have never made a wrong payment when the signing of the cheque has been by thumb-print.

SHIP WEIGHS ITS CARGO

A New Idea

A valuable instrument for checking the weight of cargo in a ship has been invented by an Italian engineer, which does away with the need for weighing on the quay.

A metal chamber is fitted in the bottom of the vessel, with an opening leading out into the sea, through which the water enters. A large cylinder floats in this chamber, and as the ship sinks deeper into the water the float rises owing to the pressure of the water in the chamber.

The float actuates a lever, which works an indicator on the ship's deck, and shows on a scale the exact weight of the cargo.

ESCAPING THE PLOUGH

Good Little Mother

A Welsh market-gardener tells of the instinct for escape in very young creatures.

When ploughing the other day I turned up a nest of field-mice. As soon as they were brought by the ploughshare to the top of the ground they caught hold of their mother in the flank with their teeth, and she drew them to the hedge from under the horses' feet.

THE VACANT THRONE

WHO WILL BE KING?

Uneasy Lies the Head that Wears a Crown

ODD SITUATION IN GREECE

Shakespeare never showed his wisdom more than when he wrote "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and, though there are silly people who even now think they would like to be kings, the wise know better than to cherish such foolish thoughts.

Once again the throne of Greece is vacant, and there is a good deal of doubt as to who will eventually occupy it, or whether indeed it will be occupied at all. Tino would like to go back, and some of the Greeks would have him, but others want one of his sons, and others again desire his brother, Prince George, who has a French wife. It is not the first time the Greeks have been in perplexity about their throne.

Poet's Strange Dream

When they were gaining their independence the first idea of the Greeks was to make Lord Byron king, and his friend Captain Trelawney tells us that, though he pretended to treat the matter lightly, he was impressed by the idea, and, had he lived, might certainly have mounted the throne. To a man of his romantic mind, with all his admiration for Greece, such a proposal must have seemed a glorious consummation of an adventurous career.

He had already been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army when a fever seized him, and he died suddenly. Thus ended the dream of a poet king.

The people thereupon decided to have a republic, and elected a Count Capo d'Istria as president; but two years later they made up their minds that a limited monarchy would be better, and offered the throne to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. He declined it, and probably Count Capo would have become king, but he was assassinated.

English King of Greece

Prince Otho, the second son of the King of Bavaria, was then elected king, and, to the great relief of the Greeks, accepted the throne, although only 17. He began to reign in 1832, and continued until 1862, when, having become unpopular, he was deposed.

Another Bavarian royalty, Prince Leopold, was proposed, but the nation determined to have a change of dynasty, and at a National Assembly they elected, by 230,016 votes out of 241,202, an English prince, Alfred the Duke of Edinburgh and of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. The British Government, however, would not allow him to accept the throne.

End of a Dynasty

Then the Greeks offered the throne to Lord Derby, who had been Prime Minister of England, but he declined. It was also suggested that the Duke of Cambridge should become Greek king, but in conversation with a British statesman he said, "Nothing would tempt me to become King of Greece. I would sooner sweep a crossing in St. James's Street." Once again the poor Greeks had to look about for a candidate for their vacant throne.

This time they settled on Prince William of Schleswig-Holstein, brother of our Queen Alexandra. He mounted the throne as George I., becoming the grandfather of Tino. Some Greeks would like another dynasty, but before they can change the succession to the throne the Greeks, according to treaty, must get the consent of Denmark.

THE WEEK IN NATURE

Christmas Feast for the Birds

DISTURBING MR. HEDGEHOG

By Our Country Correspondent

December 19. That funny little fellow the hedgehog goes to sleep for the winter, but if we search in some hedge bottom or quiet covert we may come across him in his bed, which consists of dead leaves. These he collects by rolling over and over until his spines have gathered a goodly quantity. Then he retires, and sleeps the sleep of the just unless we unkindly wake him up.

December 20. The evergreens never seem more beautiful than at this season, when everything else is so bare, and among them the laurel has a prominent place. It sheds its leaves every year, but the new foliage is well forward before the old disappears.

December 21. The neat little chaffinches, in size about the same as the sparrows, are now gathering in flocks, the native birds being reinforced by numbers that come for the winter. The cock, with his reddish breast, can be easily distinguished from the drab hen.

December 22. The little marsh titmouse has resumed its song, and the chick-a-dee, chee-chee-chee is very welcome. Its antics when searching for food are highly amusing.

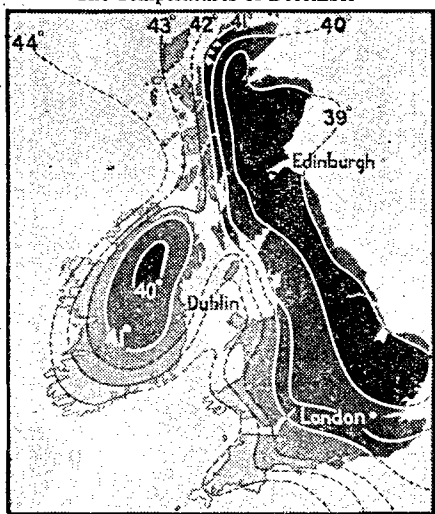
December 23. When Wordsworth wrote that the holly endears the hours of winter he must have been thinking of Christmas-time, and it is great fun just now searching in the woods or garden for good bunches of holly with plenty of berries on them.

December 24. We used to read that the Druids collected mistletoe from the oak, but it is not found growing on that tree in these days; and if we want some good berried sprigs for the Christmas party we should search among the hawthorns and the apple-trees.

December 25. The true nature-lover in Britain may learn a lesson from his Swedish cousins, and on Christmas Day provide a meal for all the many birds that hover round his home. Crumbs, nuts, suet and scraps of all kinds will be welcome, and the sight of the happy birds enjoying a Yuletide repast will well repay any trouble involved.

C.N. WEATHER MAPS OF THE U.K.

The Temperatures of December



This map shows in Fahrenheit degrees the average temperatures of December in the U.K.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Jerusalem artichokes may be taken up as required, but in case of frost they should be covered with litter.

Draw some earth to peas that are above ground, and guard against mice.

When gooseberry and currant trees are pruned and the cuttings raked off, manure should be wheeled between the rows and dug in, but the surface should be drawn away from the stems, and buried in the space between the rows.

Alterations in relaying turf should be proceeded with during mild weather.

THE BOOMING LIZARD

How It Blows Itself Up

JOLLY VISITORS TO THE ZOO

At the Zoo there are now some very large lizards, but they are the last animals you would call noisy.

Yet it is probably only in Europe that lizards are as silent as the quick-darting little creatures we see flitting about stone walls, especially in the West country during summer holidays.

The house lizards in Java, for example, which are no bigger than those which may be seen in England, but which are very useful indoors because they eat insects, make a noise exactly like very loud kissing, which is very startling to a new-comer when he first goes to shave or wash his hands—for the lizards are very fond of hot-water pipes.

There is also an outdoor lizard which sits in a tree outside your window and shouts "Gecko! Gecko!" in a way to make you jump.

But all these are quite surpassed by the booming lizard of Australia, about which a New South Wales professor has just been writing to the scientific papers. It is a "black and yellow monitor" about five feet long, and the professor describes how he has watched it fill itself with air, blow itself out, and bellow! It makes a tremendous noise, and its method is compared to that of the New South Wales bok-bok owl, which fills himself to bursting for a succession of gasps, and then says hoo-hoo-hoo! till he has no more breath—and then fills up again!

THE LORDLY TRAM

£500,000 for New Ones

Over £500,000 is being spent in providing new trams for London. The figure suggests a tremendous total of trams, but, as a matter of fact, the number to be bought is only 125.

This is a fair example of the rise in prices by which we are all burdened. Before the war a London tram cost less than £900; today a similar vehicle costs over £4,000. The sum is quite staggering until one reflects that a 1921 motor-car to carry only four people may cost from £3,000 to £4,000.

But the same rule applies in every direction. Certain houses which before the war would have cost from £250 to £350, have been erected at a price of £1,450 each. They are being sold at £1,150 each, an actual loss, even allowing for the Government grant; and the deficit will have to be made good by an annual ground rent which the purchaser will have to pay.

We shall never get sufficient houses built at this rate, nor re-establish rolling-stock for tramways and railways.

CHANGING HOME

The Ways of Ants

A Tonbridge reader sends the following observation of ants when changing their home. Digging in the garden we disturbed an ant's nest, and in the evening noticed them transferring their eggs to a spot about two yards away.

There were two columns going in opposite directions, each ant carrying an egg or maggot, or returning for more. Each column followed exactly the same pathway, moving aside to pass each other. I then moved the soil in this pathway about half an inch.

The first returning ant that reached this point went back, and fetched a number of others to investigate. They all hunted over the ground till they again struck their pathway beyond the obstruction.

The laden ants coming in the opposite direction were all in a state of great excitement, and the column ceased moving till the ants from the other side joined them, when they picked up the new pathway over the obstruction and moved on as before. But even then several ants appeared to be left as scouts to make sure that all was well.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card

How Long Do Parrots Live?

Probably a century under natural or favourable conditions.

What is the Span of a Frigate Bird?

The span of a frigate bird's wings from tip to tip is about eight feet.

How Does a Pike Differ from a Jack?

The difference is only one of size. Up to four pounds the fish is called a jack; larger specimens are called pike.

Do Eels Return After Migration?

Never. They leave their ponds and streams and ditches when mature, migrate 2000 miles and more to deep seas, spawn, and then die.

How Many Kinds of English Blackberries Are There?

The blackberry is one of our most variable plants, with many sub-species and varieties. Experts differ as to number and classification.

Why Do Birds Come Back in Spring?

Because this is their summer home, the place in which they were born, the land to which they instinctively return to nest, lay their eggs, and rear families.

Do Cuckoos Suck Other Birds' Eggs?

Here and there a cuckoo, breaking an egg, will eat the contents, but such an action is rare. The chief aim of the cuckoo is to deposit its own egg without disturbing those already in the nest.

Do Toads Eat Bees?

Yes, when they can. To catch them at the entrance to the hive as in the manner described is just what they would do. In one known case a toad, when killed, was found to have a stomachful of bees.

Do Ordinary Caterpillars Make Silk?

Apart from the true silk of the silk moth caterpillar, silk is produced by many caterpillars, not only for their cocoons but as webs to cover their homes or as life-lines by which to descend from trees.

How Can Clothes Moths be Got Rid Of?

Insect powders, balls of naphthaline, and other things are recommended, but the only certain preventive known to the writer is personal vigilance and care. Kill the moth and guard the clothes.

What is Done with Dead Elephants?

The wonder is that they are rarely found in the wilds. At a zoo the hide, tusks, and skeleton are precious for mounting in museums. Zoo animals of the carnivorous kind can eat elephant.

When Does a Dormouse Hibernate?

Hibernation is the prolonged sleep in which certain animals pass the whole or part of the winter. A pet dormouse, kept warm and well fed, does not hibernate, though it may be sluggish.

Are Spiders Useful?

Immensely. They live entirely on insects. A housefly lays 250 eggs; a garden spider can dispose of a dozen houseflies in a day and so make certain that there will be 3000 flies less in the world than there might have been.

What is a Mermaid's Purse?

A pretty fancy in words, but in actual fact the case covering an egg laid in the sea by one of the lesser sharks called dog-fish. The case is of chitin, a substance which forms the wing-case of an insect, the mail of a bee, the armour of a shrimp.

How Long Can a Moorhen Submerge?

It can stay under water for a long time, breathing. Sinking its body below the surface, it clings with its feet to weeds below, and keeps its body submerged. But the beak and nostrils, looking like a fallen leaf, protrude just above the water, enabling the bird to take air. The perfection of the deceit must be actually witnessed to be fully realised.

SUN'S AMAZING ENERGY

LIGHT AND HEAT THAT ARE NOT WASTED

Billions and Billions of Candle Power

REMARKABLE NEW THEORY

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Light is the supreme wonder and most glorious gift of Nature enjoyed by humanity, and just now, when we celebrate the birth of Christ, it is interesting to reflect that it was Light to which Christ likened Himself, as the symbol of all that was beneficent.

Now 1900 years have passed, and light is being revealed more and more to be a most stupendous marvel; every year more astonishing facts are being disclosed. These have now led up to a wonderful theory of Sir Oliver Lodge, from which we learn that worlds and suns owe their existence to light.

Pressure of a Sunbeam

So intangible does light appear that anyone who tried to grasp a sunbeam would be laughed at; yet it represents tremendous energy, which takes the form of pressure, and scientists have found out that the pressure of light can push and propel matter when it is in exceedingly minute particles, and very attenuated, as in a comet's tail, which is always driven in a direction away from the Sun by the pressure of his light.

Now, the Sun's light—and its near relation, heat—is being poured out continuously on every side, his light being equal to 1575 billions of billions of candles burning continuously; while to produce his heat a ton of coal would require to be burnt every hour on every square foot of the Sun's surface.

All this immense store of energy—all except the small fraction intercepted by the Earth and the Sun's other worlds—is being expended, and is streaming away at 186,000 miles a second into space.

Problem of the Sun's Heat

The Sun's energy thus appears to be wasting away at such a high rate that if he were entirely composed of coal he would be burnt out in 5000 years; and when we remember that the Sun is as large as 1,300,000 Earths, we see what a terrific loss it must be.

But is it really lost? It has always appeared so, though now Sir Oliver Lodge believes that this light and heat may not be wasted, but may be "sweeping up" the minute particles of matter thrown off from suns, worlds, and comets. These the light carries before it in ever-increasing quantity, till in some remote region it becomes sufficient to form a whirling, nebulous mass.

Nucleus of a New Sun

So that the light of our Sun, acting with that of other suns, produces in the Universe an effect that we may compare with the effect of March winds on the dust at a street corner. Thus a nebula is born, with enough material to attract other matter as it rolls through space; and so is formed the nucleus of what will evolve into a sun and worlds like our own.

It is now believed that light is actually composed of minute particles similar to electrons. It is a number of such "bodies" that constitute the atom; and atoms when in violent motion will leak, as it were, and let them out.

On the Sun's surface atoms are in a state of wildest commotion, so they pour out these electrons in countless myriads, with the result that we see them in the Sun's beautiful corona, radiating from him when totally eclipsed.

These atoms speed with the velocity of light away from the Sun, never to return, and thus he loses another store of energy. The lost particles ultimately become concentrated with the other sweepings of the Universe, in far-off vortices, to form new worlds in ages yet to come.

G. F. M.

OUT OF BOUNDS

An Exciting Story of the
Secret of an Old Ruin

: : Told by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 28

Hank is Puzzled

"I COULDN'T help it." It was Delmar's voice. "There was a chap moving in the next bed, to mine. I couldn't be quite sure he was asleep."

"I've been here nearly an hour," Caffyn growled. "I'm simply frozen."

"I'm sorry," said Delmar. "How's the job getting on?"

"It isn't! Fact is, it ain't to be done single-handed. It takes two."

"Well, you know why I can't help you."

"I know right enough. I warned you not to go to the races."

"I thought it was safe enough," replied Delmar.

"So it might have been if you hadn't let your spite run away with you. All the trouble came of your sending Beamish to tell about the two kids."

Hank heard Delmar make a queer sound as if he were swallowing something.

"It was sheer ill luck," he answered in a voice that was sharper than usual.

"Sort of luck you'll always have if you go trying to play off your private spite when we've got a real job on hand," retorted the other. "The wonder was you didn't get a whacking from that there school-master of yours. You didn't tell me how you got off."

"Pryne knew better than to touch me," answered Delmar, and, low as his voice was, Hank started quite badly.

"What does the chap mean?" he asked himself. "He's loony."

"You don't mean to say you went and held that job over his head?" snapped Caffyn.

"Don't excite yourself. I'm keeping that threat for a better occasion," said Delmar. "As a matter of fact, I told him my heart was weak."

Caffyn made a scornful sound.

"If you'd been a man you'd have taken the licking instead of being tied up here inside the school for a month."

"Do you think I would allow myself to be thrashed in public before those gaping coons?" returned Delmar. "If you do, you're a bigger idiot than I fancied."

There was a pause, then Caffyn's voice again, harsh and distinct.

"If you talk to me again like that I chuck the whole job, and then you see what your dad will say to you."

What the threat meant Hank had not, of course, the remotest idea, but it certainly worked.

"Don't be so hasty, Caffyn," said Delmar quickly. "And don't let us quarrel. I've risked a bit to get down here to speak to you, and you haven't told me yet what you are doing about the work."

"I've told you it's not to be done single-handed," said Caffyn harshly. "And I'll tell you, further, that if you can't help me I'll have to get someone else."

"You must not do that," said Delmar with decision. "We must not have anyone else in the secret. In any case, I shall be able to help you when my gating is over."

"That'll be nigh a month from now. We haven't the time to waste. Just suppose old Pryne was to take it into his head to make a proper search! No; I tell you what it is, you've got to make another try from this side."

"That's impossible," said Delmar with decision. "I should be certain to be caught."

"Bah! You haven't got the pluck of a rabbit," retorted Caffyn, scornfully.

"It's not a question of pluck at all. There are people about all day in term time. The only way in is through the gate, and that, as you know, opens on the open quadrangle."

"What's the matter with trying after dark, then?" demanded Caffyn.

"I can't do that, either. The quadrangle is lighted. Besides, we are in our class-rooms except for half an hour after tea."

Caffyn made an angry noise.

"The thing's got to be done some way. Can you let me in after dark?" he demanded.

"Out of the question. The gates are locked at six."

"Then what's the reason why I can't come in before six, and hide up somewhere?"

Delmar paused.

"That might be managed," he said thoughtfully. "But how would you get out again?"

"I reckon I'd have to wait till late and get out over the wall."

"You couldn't take the stuff with you."

"I could take the best and hide the rest. See here—"

At that moment Hank, who was leaning forward listening eagerly to every word, distinctly heard steps approaching from somewhere outside.

Caffyn broke off short.

"Someone coming. Sounds like a bobby. I've got to quit."

As Delmar drew quickly back, Hank shrank away, and hid himself behind the blackboard. There was no light in the room except the moonbeams coming faintly through the window.

Hank stood still as a mouse, hardly breathing while Delmar passed him and went softly through the door. It was not until a good two minutes had elapsed that Hank followed him.

"Sweet pet!" he muttered to himself as he crept towards the stairs. "But, say, I wish I'd heard a bit more. This thing's kind of getting on my nerves. I'd like to know what those two galoots are so keen after."

He paused a moment and listened. There was no sign of Delmar, and he surely must have reached his dormitory. Suddenly Hank's quick ear had caught a sound of some sort.

Then, before he could make up his mind what the sound was, a door to his right, which led in from the masters' gardens opened abruptly, and a strong light glared upon him.

"Harker!" came Mr. Cotter's sharp, high-pitched voice. "What on earth are you doing here at this hour of the night?"

CHAPTER 29

Under the Moon

For a second Hank was too startled to reply, but only for a second. Then he was his cool, imperturbable self again.

"I was awake, sir, and heard a noise below. I thought it might be burglars. But perhaps it was you I heard?"

Mr. Cotter glared at Hank suspiciously. He had not forgotten the unpleasant time he had had in Mr. Pryne's room over the matter of the Stancombe Races, and, not unnaturally, was still pretty sore with Hank and Stan.

"You could not have heard me. I have only just come in from a dinner party at the vicarage. How do I know you are telling the truth?" he said.

Some boys would have lost their temper at such a suggestion, and gone sulky. Not so Hank.

"You can tell if we find the burglar, sir," he said, with perfect good nature. "I think the noise really came from the science classroom."

"We had better see," said Mr. Cotter severely, and made for the class-room in question. The moment he got inside he saw that the window was open, and that a bitter draught was blowing in from outside.

He held his hand up as a sign for silence, and Hank grinned to himself as he saw the other tiptoeing gingerly across the room, glancing as he went from one side to the other.

Seeing nothing in the room, he put his head cautiously out of the window.

"Here he is!" he cried sharply, and made a grab at something beneath the outer sill.

Hank got the shock of his life, for, of course, he had thought that Caffyn was by this time far enough away.

He darted forward.

As he ran he heard a burst of angry language beneath the window.

"Let go! Let go, I say!"

But Cotter, duffer as he was in some respects, had pluck, and hung on to his struggling captive like a good one, shouting meantime at the top of his voice.

Hank stumbled over a big stone carboy, used in chemical experiments, which lay on the floor, and this delayed him a moment.

He reached the window just in time to see Cotter pulled headlong over the sill. His patent leather shoes gleamed in the moonlight, and there was a heavy thud outside as the unfortunate master landed bodily on the pavement. Then Hank saw Caffyn—for it was he—turn and administer a brutal kick to the prostrate man.

His blood boiled.

"You cowardly brute!" he roared, and made a flying leap out of the window almost on top of Caffyn.

Caffyn swung an ugly blow at Hank's head, but luckily for Hank missed his mark. Then he turned and bolted down the road. Hank's blood was up, and, never heeding the fact that he was wearing nothing more than a coat over his suit of pyjamas and on his feet a pair of thin slippers, he started in pursuit.

He had hardly gone ten yards before he heard the click of a pair of shoes on the pavement just behind him.

He glanced back.

"All right, Hank," came a voice, and there was Stan spurring frantically in pursuit.

In a moment he was alongside.



Given Free!

SUPERB ART PLATE OF
THE PRINCE
OF WALES
(Specially Autographed)

An exclusive signed portrait of the Prince of Wales in the uniform of the Welsh Guards. Do not miss it in today's issue of

SPORTS for BOYS

The Great New Sports Weekly. Price 2d.

"Heard you," he said shortly. "Caffyn, isn't it?"

"That's who. The beggar's half slain the Cotter bird. We've got to catch him this journey."

"In that kit? You'll freeze."

"Not enough to worry about as long as we keep up this pace. But don't gas! Run!"

Run they did. Caffyn, as Stan knew already, was no mean sprinter in spite of his build, and as the chase promised to be a long one Hank and Stan went steady. There was something weirdly exciting about this race through the moonlight along the bare and empty road.

The night was dead still, with not a breath of wind, and the only sound was the clomp-clomp of Caffyn's boots as he ran straight down the centre of the road, and the lighter tread of the slippered feet of the two boys.

Of the policeman there was no sign at all, but then, as Hank realised, there had probably never been a policeman. The footsteps which had first startled Caffyn had probably been those of Mr. Cotter crossing the road on his way back into the school grounds.

Caffyn crossed the bridge over the brook and breasted the opposite hill. He was running inland in the direction of Aphurst Forest. Black under the moon rays the boys could see the distant line of trees. It seemed that Caffyn was making for Aphurst Village, in which direction Stan and Bee had seen him on the first Sunday of term.

Sure enough, he turned up the by-road leading to the forest. He was running as hard as ever, with the boys about a hundred yards behind.

The black line showed higher and nearer, and soon they reached a point where they could see the white road disappearing into the dark trees.

"Look out he doesn't turn and lay for us," muttered Hank, and Stan nodded in reply.

Next minute Caffyn had vanished under the trees, but they could still hear his boots clack-clacking against the hard surface of the road.

The sound ceased, and Stan paused.

"He's off the road, Hank."

"Yes, but I still hear him, swashing through the dead leaves. Now for a spurt, Stan. We've got to get him quick or he'll fool us in all this scrub."

He was off with a rush, cutting straight in under the wide-spreading beeches. The dead fern was nearly waist high, and beneath it the dry leaves lay thick and soft. And still they could hear Caffyn crashing through the bracken. The sound grew clearer, and it was plain they were closing the distance.

The big trees broke away a little, and suddenly they were in a small, open glade, faintly lighted by the moon.

"Tally ho!" yelled Stan, carried away by excitement. "There he is, Hank!"

Sure enough, there was Caffyn's squat figure dark in the moonlight. He was swaying as he ran, and they could hear him panting. Both boys made a final spurt, and Hank gained a little.

Suddenly Caffyn swung sharp to the right around a thick clump of brambles. Hank, with arm outstretched, was almost touching him when, all in a flash, the ground seemed to sink beneath him and he shot out of sight, vanishing as if the earth had completely swallowed him up.

Stan pulled up short, just in time to avoid plunging after him down a dark pit that yawned in front.

"Hank!" he cried in horror. "Hank!"

Next instant a pair of hands met in the middle of his back, and forced him violently forward.

"Go and join him, you brat!" cried Caffyn fiercely; and Stan, unable to help himself, found himself toppling helplessly down into the black depths.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

The Great Historian

So many of the world's great men, even the men of action, have suffered from ill-health in their youth that we are not surprised to hear of a famous author being very delicate as a boy.

He was born in the first half of the 18th century at Putney, the place from which the Oxford and Cambridge boat race is rowed every year, and for a time his aunt taught him. Then at nine he went to school, but learnt little because of his frequent absences through ill-health.

When at last he went to Oxford University it was, he tells us, with a stock of knowledge that might have puzzled a doctor and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed.

He loved reading, however, and was fond of history and geography, but his tutors at the university, being men who preferred receiving their fees, left him to his own devices, and after fourteen months he was compelled to leave Oxford because he had changed his religion. Such were the narrow times in which he lived.

His father sent him to Switzerland, and he remained there studying hard and making up for lost time. French and Latin literature were his favourite subjects, and his amazing memory became so stored with knowledge that he was soon a master of learning absolutely unrivalled in his day.

At the same time, his father being well off, he was something of a dandy, dressed in the height of fashion, and to some extent imitated the mincing ways of the fops, tapping and fingering a snuff-box when he talked. He mixed in the same circle as Dr. Johnson, to whom he was in every way, physically and mentally, a complete contrast.

His first book was written in French, and then one day, sitting musing in Rome while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers, he suddenly made up his mind to write a book. He did not, however, begin at once, but turned the matter over in his mind for years, and when at last he wrote his book it became one of the greatest histories of all time and a world-famed classic that will never die. The great statesman Fox said it was immortal because no one could do without it.

The author entered Parliament, held a Government office, and in the closing years of his life he suffered much, not from want, but from too good living and want of exercise. He lived much in Italy, but died in London in the year that Robespierre was guillotined.

Here is his portrait. Who was he?





The Year Is Going, Let Him Go



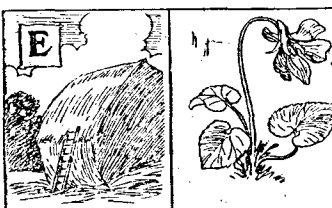
Dr. MERRYMAN

MISTRESS: "What wages do you generally receive?"
Applicant: "Well, mum, I've never stayed long enough to find out."

New Setting of an Old Proverb
 DECORATIONS of the golden grain
 Are set to allure the aged fowl
 in vain.
 This is another way of saying
 old birds are not caught with chaff.

WHY were gloves never meant to sell?
 Because they were meant to be kept on hand.

A Sweet Maid of Chester
 A SWEET little girl up in Chester
 Was so kind that all suffering
 distressed her;
 Food and clothes for the poor
 She would leave at each door,
 Till the people of Chester all blessed her.

Is Your Name Here?

 These pictures represent a boy's and a girl's names. Do you know what they are?
 Answer next week

Do you Live in Huddersfield?
 THE name Huddersfield was originally spelt Odresfeld, and the meaning is the field of Odhere, no doubt a person who in the very early days lived at this spot and owned a piece of land.

A NEW COAT FOR SANTA CLAUS

Santa Claus will come again this year, we may be sure, but, like the good patriot he is, he has not been buying new clothes while the profiteers keep up their prices. We should like, therefore, to give him a new coat of many colours, and the



Editor will give £5 to each of the two readers who send in the best coloured copies of this picture pasted on a postcard. All pictures must be sent in to C.N. Picture, Gough House, Gough Square, E.C.4, by January 3, 1921. The Editor's decision is final.

What am I?
 MY whole is sung at Christmas,
 When hearts are full of glee;
 Transpose and you'll have a substance
 Found growing in the sea.
 Answer next week



Words That May be Confused
 Breaches Breeches Capital Capitol
 Here are two more pairs of words which, though they sound alike, have entirely different meanings, and are spelt differently

Food for Thought
 JUST think of it! "Soup, fish, meat and two vegetables, sweets, cheese, and coffee, and all for one shilling!" exclaimed Smith excitedly, as he came into the room.
 "You don't say so?" queried Brown. "And where can you get that marvellous value?"
 "I don't know; but just think of it!" gasped Smith.

WHAT tree is older than the oak?
 The elder.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES
What Are They Doing?
 The boy was digging and the girl was playing a piano.

A Picture Lesson in Geography
 The village was One House
The Bishop's Puzzle
 Chest, eye-lids, knee-caps, drums (of the ear), veins (vanes), hand, foot, nail, arms, nails, soles (of the feet), muscles, palms, apple, heart (hart), hairs (hares), temples, pupils, tendons (ten dons), lashes, calves, nose (noes).

Jacko in a Fog

WHEN Jacko woke up one morning it was so dark he thought it must be the middle of the night. So he turned over and shut his eyes again.

"Jacko! Jacko!" called his mother. "Aren't you going to get up today?"

Just then the big grandfather clock in the hall struck eight. Jacko leapt out of bed and ran to the window.

"Coo! Fog!" he exclaimed. "Thick as pea-soup!"

By the time he had dressed and got downstairs to his breakfast there was Brother Adolphus going off to work, with his collar turned up and a red nose poking out of a huge muffler.

"It's a good thing you haven't to go out," said his mother.

But the fog didn't worry Jacko, and as soon as his mother's back was turned he got his cap and ran out into it.

He was hardly off the doorstep when he bumped into an old gentleman.

"Young scamp!" Jacko heard him say.

Jacko laughed, and half-way across the pavement he collided violently with somebody who shouted "Where are you going?"



"Now I've got you!" the man cried

"I haven't the foggiest idea," said Jacko cheekily.

An arm shot out to box his ears, and to avoid it Jacko slipped off the pavement and found himself brought up sharp against the side of a cart.

He guessed it was a cart—it certainly didn't feel like a feather bed! It was creeping along at a snail's pace, and, with a grin, Jacko sprang up behind, and squatted down on the floor, from where he could just see the dim figure of the driver.

Suddenly there was a great shout and a bump! And there they were all jammed up between a milk cart and a removal van.

While the drivers were shouting at each other and quarrelling whose fault it was, Jacko leapt over the side and slipped away.

"This is fun!" he chuckled. Then bang! again.

This time it was an old lady he had run into. Over she went. And over went Jacko on top of her. But when he tried to help her up, she sprang to her feet and hurried off, crying "Help! Police! I'm being murdered!"

"I like this," said Jacko as he went on again. "Now, I wonder whereabouts I am? I'll follow this man in front of me."

But the man in front apparently didn't like being followed so closely, for he turned and said, in a muffled voice, "Be off, or I'll set the police on you."

Just then Jacko stumbled and fell against him. The man twisted round, caught Master Jacko, and held him firmly.

"Now I've got you!" he cried.

And, suddenly, in a way fogs sometimes have, the fog lifted, and Jacko found himself staring at the face of—his father!

Ici on Parle Français

Sayings of Jesus: Love One Another

10. Si vous gardez mes commandements, vous demeurerez dans mon amour, de même que j'ai gardé les commandements de mon Père, et que je demeure dans son amour.

11. Je vous ai dit ces choses, afin que ma joie soit en vous, et que votre joie soit parfaite.

12. C'est ici mon commandement: Aimez-vous les uns les autres, comme je vous ai aimés.

13. Il n'y a pas de plus grand amour que de donner sa vie pour ses amis.

14. Vous êtes mes amis, si vous faites ce que je vous commande.

St. John 15

Notes and Queries

What is a Quietus? Quietus is Latin for quit, or discharged, and is used in the sense of a death-blow, as when we say a Bill before Parliament which has been dropped has received its quietus.

What is Horse-Power? The unit by which the work performed by an engine is reckoned. A horse-power is the power needed to raise 33,000 pounds one foot in one minute.

What is a Parthian Shot? A telling remark made by one who was apparently worsted in argument. It is so called from the practice of the ancient Parthians who in battle fled and then turned and shot their arrows with deadly accuracy.

ABC Stories

The Pudding

P STANDS for pudding—the pudding that Theo stirred when Cook's back was turned.

It was the Christmas pudding, and, of course, everybody in the house must stir it—Mummie and Daddie, and Theo too.

All the morning Theo had been popping in and out of the kitchen waiting for Cook to say it was ready; for, as everybody knows, the time to stir the pudding is just before it goes into the pot.

"When will it be ready?" asked Theo, impatiently.

"Soon, honey," said Cook; and while she went to the pantry to fetch the almonds, Theo jumped up on a chair, caught up the spoon, and dug it into the nice sticky mess in the big bowl.

"Now, now! What are you doing?" demanded Cook, coming back.

But Theo only laughed, and ran off.

Not long afterwards came Christmas Day. There was a big party for dinner at Theo's home, and, when the pudding came in, Theo said:

"Are there surprises in it, Mummie, like there were last year?"

Mummie smiled and nodded, and then there was a great clattering of forks, while everybody laughingly searched for them.

"I've got a silver sixpence!" cried someone.

"I've got a bunny mascot," said another.

"I've got a thimble!" cried



Theo caught up the spoon

another. "What have you got, Theo?"

But Theo was staring at his plate in amazement. And well he might, for among the currants and the almonds was a tiny red soldier.

"I'm sure I never put that in!" cried his mother. "How ever did it get there?"

"I know!" exclaimed Theo, suddenly getting very excited. "It must have fallen in that day I stirred the pudding. I had it in my hand, and then I lost it, and I couldn't find it anywhere."

"Then it seems to me, young man," said Daddie, "that yours is the biggest surprise of the lot!"

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

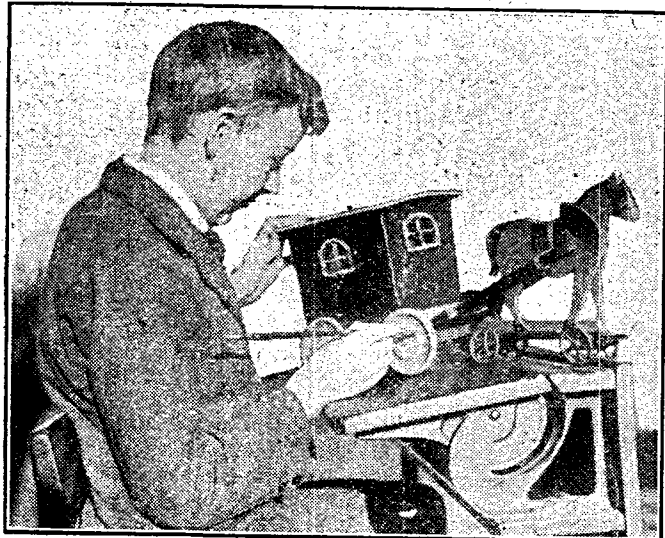
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 18, 1920

Every Friday, 2d.

Postage of the Children's Newspaper is Inland 1d., Abroad 1d.; a year's postal subscription is Inland 13s., Abroad 15s. A year's postal subscription to its monthly companion, My Magazine, is: British Isles, 14s.; elsewhere, 15s. 6d. In South Africa, Australasia, Canada, all subscriptions must go through the agents given below.

SCHOOLBOY TOY MAKERS



Getting Ready for Christmas—The boys of the village school at Meopham, Kent, have made 400 toys by hand. Here is a boy putting the finishing touches to an excellent horse and cart.

CLEVER SCOUT



A Ride on a Live Tortoise—This little boy is sitting on a tortoise that has just been bought at a London Store.

REMARKABLE EXPLOSION



Mixing the Christmas Pudding—Making the Christmas pudding is always a great event in the home at this season, and these little people are taking a turn at the stirring so as to help their mother.



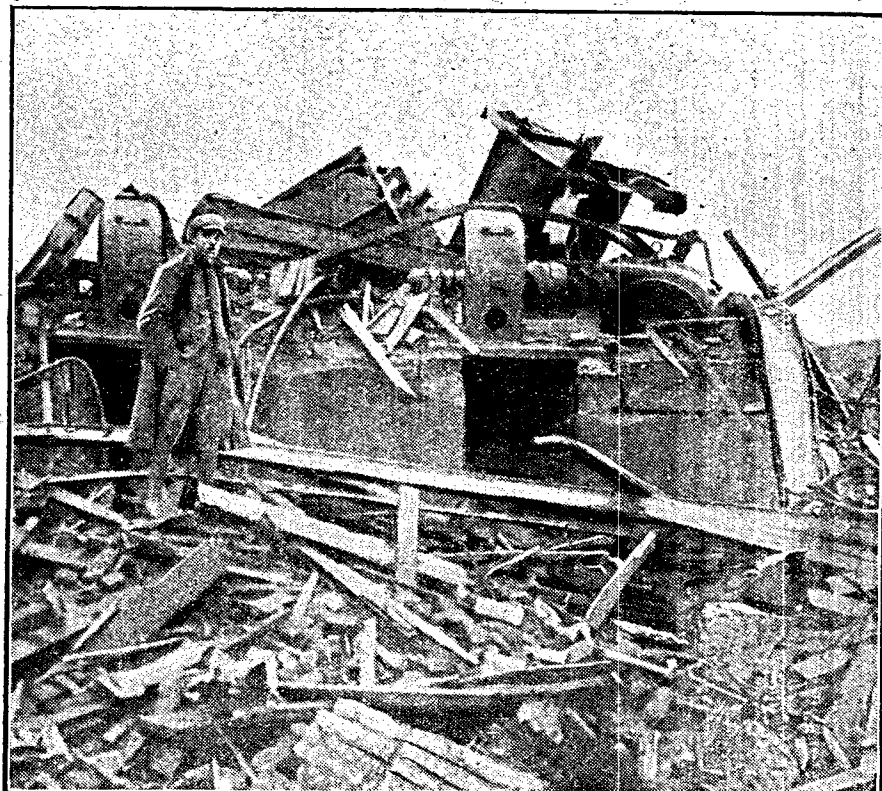
Boy Scout Solves a Mystery—After the police failed, Scout Rudge, shown here, by tracing footprints on the ground, found a missing man in Basingstoke Canal.



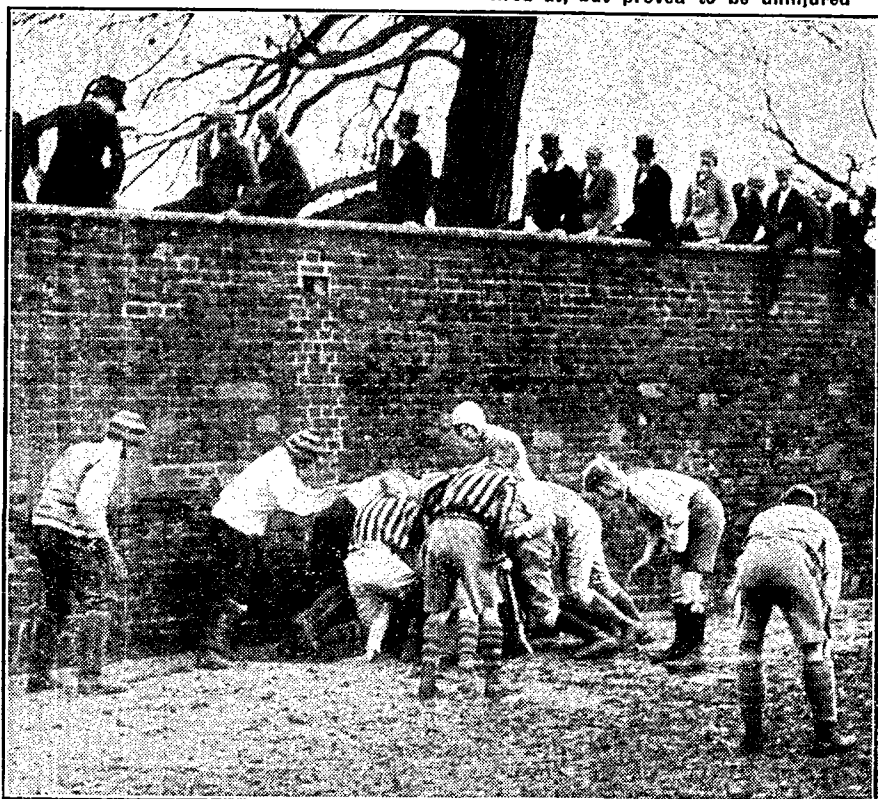
Feeding the Turkey—Turkeys everywhere are having a good time just now, and if they could only think and speak they might inquire why they are being so pampered. As it is, they are perfectly unconscious and happy, like this one who has come to his little owner for breakfast.



Golden Eagle Caught in England—This eagle, now in the London Zoo, came down in Lincolnshire after being fired at, but proved to be uninjured.



Amazing Result of an Explosion Eight Miles Away—A terrific explosion of a dump of shells at Vergiate, Italy, resulted in the death of ten persons, and this train, six miles away, was smashed up like firewood.



The Wall Game at Eton—Every year on St. Andrew's day the boys at Eton College play a curious form of football known as the Wall Game, which, as shown here, is played against a wall on which other boys sit as spectators.